Saturday Review

OCTOBER 24, 1953 / 20¢

A Special Section on

The Mediterranean

Articles by:

GILBERT MURRAY
CARLETON S. COON
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
PAUL HYDE BONNER
DOROTHY THOMPSON
SEAN O'FAOLAIN
WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE
ELIOT ELISOFON
HORACE SUTTON

Ignazio Silone, author of "A Handful of Blackberries." *(See page 64)*

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A6-VAN GOGH—Vase With Flowers
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A8-RENOIR—Girls at Piano
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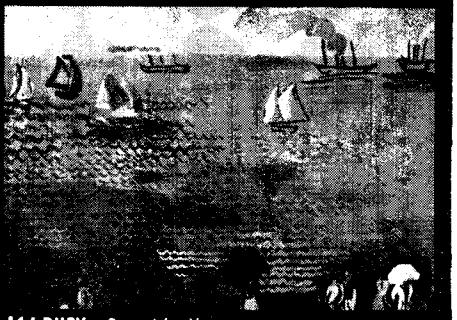

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It has always seemed to me that a reviewer is choosing an easy mark when he criticizes a book's jacket copy. Or, as reviewers prefer to say, the "blurb."

¶ One of my friends is a "blurb" writer, although we never call him that to his face. I admire his work. He rarely uses the word "masterpiece" or writes of a "magnificent achievement." He never describes an author's prose as either "visceral" or "seminal," and only occasionally does he trap people in the "web of circumstances." He avoids comparisons to *Kon-Tiki* and to Ernest Hemingway.

¶ Most of all I like him for never suggesting that a book will live forever in anyone's heart, except perhaps the author's.

¶ I liked especially the copy on *The Coffee Train,* a new Doubleday book. It is a story, he says, "as plain and homey as an old coffeepot. It bubbles with fun, is full of the warmth of love, and gives off the rich aroma of freshly brewed nostalgia."

¶ Although reviewers might not be impressed, his work called for something beyond valor when he described *The Complete Book of Cat Care* as "indispensable." I happen to know that my friend leaves parties when there is one around, walks blocks out of his way to avoid them.

¶ He even breaks into a rash when they are around. Cats, I mean, not reviewers.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Coffee Train," by Margarethe Erdahl Shank, is a light and amusing account of a Norwegian-American family in the Dakotas. *"The Complete Book of Cat Care"* is a definitive work written by a leading veterinarian. Both books are published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 24, 1953

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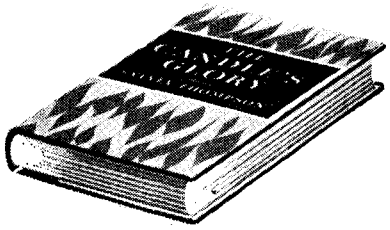

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SR's Library Poll

THERE'S been a switch in the rankings but no new titles have been added this week to the list of books called for most frequently by the patrons of the public libraries participating in *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll. Fiction and general titles are once again evenly divided, but books of the latter type are living up to their reputation as favorites. Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" and Catherine Marshall's "A Man Called Peter," for example, have been among those present for many weeks.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)*
2. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Noman Vincent Peale (G)**
4. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
5. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
6. **Beyond This Place**
   by A. J. Cronin (F)
7. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
   by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
8. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
9. **A Man Called Peter**
   by Catherine Marshall (G)
10. **The Unconquered**
    by Ben Ames Williams (F)
11. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
12. **Lélia**
    by André Maurois (G)
13. **India and the Awakening East**
    by Eleanor Roosevelt (G)
14. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
15. **Annapurna**
    by Maurice Herzog (G)
16. **The High and the Mighty**
    by Ernest K. Gann (F)
17. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)
18. **Call Me Lucky**
    by Bing Crosby (G)
19. **Come, My Beloved**
    by Pearl Buck (F)
20. **The Second Sex**
    by Simone de Beauvoir (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

"I would rather read a collection like this than many a novel which is issued with more fanfare."
—GILBERT HIGHET

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Chicago Tribune

"If Salinger never turned out another story, *For Esmé—With Love and Squalor* could insure his place as one of the major short story writers of the post-war period."
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Kansas City Star

"Salinger is one of the very distinctive writers of the contemporary generation."
—C. X. LARRABEE,
San Francisco Chronicle

"Most of Salinger's stories are distinguished by the same qualities which made *The Catcher in the Rye* a refreshing departure from the routine naturalistic story of adolescence." —WILLIAM PEDEN,
Saturday Review

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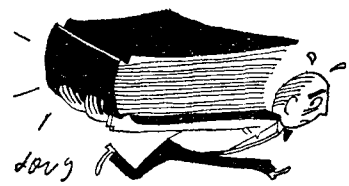
TRADE Winds

ABOUT ONCE A YEAR major critics, by tacit consent, seem to fasten on one likely novel for overpraise and acclaim, hailing the author as nothing less than a genius, and then squaring accounts by taking it all back when his next novel—often actually better than the first one—is published. For 1953



it seems that Saul Bellow's "The Adventures of Augie March" (this time it's the author's third novel, not his first) has been singled out for this treatment, and it's rather too bad because, if it isn't quite the masterpiece a few intemperate commentators have proclaimed it, it still is one of the most provocative and "discussable" novels to come along in many a moon. To my mind its 536 pages could have been cut to 400 without loss to anybody but the printer—in fact, the elimination of long passages of pompous and not particularly illuminating prose would have made it an infinitely finer book—but I think you must read it anyhow. The Mexican episode is the highlight.

IF 536 PAGES strike you as too many for a new novel in these hectic times what have you to say about "Married Men," by Ira Wolfert, which comes to a cool 1,007—and retails for $7.50 a copy? The very sight of this formidable volume will be enough, I think, to scare the daylights out of most readers, but the publishers are confident they'll overcome all obvious handicaps. They've got an anchor to windward, too. If you won't pay $7.50 for a copy of "Married Men" they offer an edition of four of Shakespeare's greatest plays, in another department, for exactly one-thirtieth the price.

AN OVERSTUFFED matron, reports the London *Bookseller*, found herself seated next to a famous bibliophile at a dinner party, and, as an opening gambit, hazarded, "I hear you collect books." "That I do," he assured her. "What an interesting little hobby," she gushed. "Picked up any Gutenberg Bibles lately?" . . . . Same lady had occasion to enter a bookstore herself a few days later. Reminded by the proprietor that this was one bookshop, oddly enough, that sold only books, she exclaimed angrily, "Only *books*! You mean you don't even carry a teentsy-weentsy fruit knife?" . . . In London, too, Richard Llewellyn, author of the memorable "How Green Was My Valley," has finished his newest novel, "A Flame for Doubting." Setting: an amusement pier at a seaside resort outside of Los Angeles.

SWITCH THE SCENE to Rome, where an earnest young student in the Vatican Library was engaged in reading the works of a now-obscure philosopher who died 170 years ago. Ploughing doggedly through the folio, he came suddenly upon a piece of paper on which was written, "The finder of this is advised to go to the Probate Court and look up File 162, R.i./Rome, February 5, 1784." The paper bore the deceased philosopher's signature. The student followed through on the file to discover that the author had left his entire fortune—now totaling some 300,000 pounds, to the first person sufficiently interested in his work to get so far through the volumes. The result of the student's windfall was two-fold: the student himself flew to the French Riviera, and the next day the rush on eighteenth-century philosophy tomes in the Vatican Library resembled the first day's ticket sale for a new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical.

SPEAKING OF R. AND H., their fabulous careers have been limned in reverent detail by Deems Taylor in his just-published "Some Enchanted Evenings," strengthening my resolve to do a piece myself one day on Dick and Oscar—and the late Larry Hart—because all of them were boyhood friends and mere mention of their names recalls a hundred anecdotes. Hart, to those who really knew him,

was the one tragic note in what otherwise is a virtually uninterrupted success story almost without parallel in the theatre.

The first time I saw Dick Rodgers he couldn't have been over eight. I

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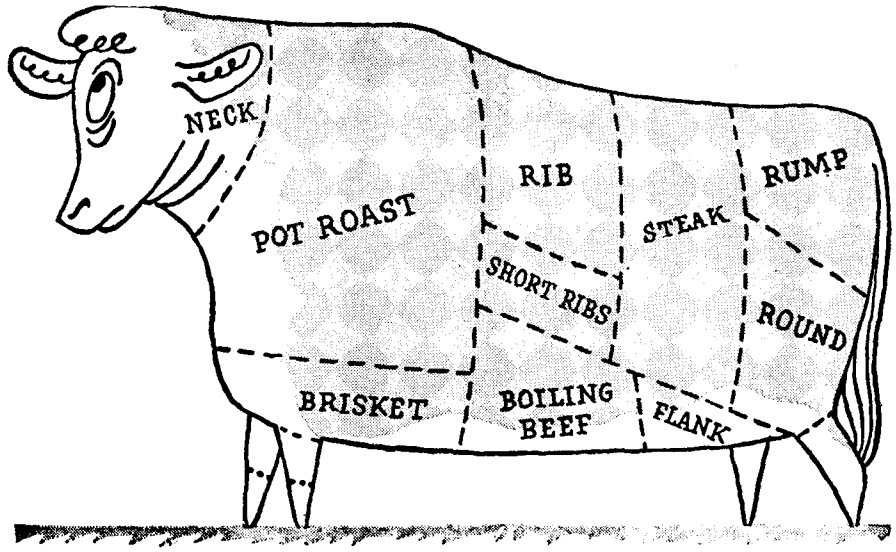

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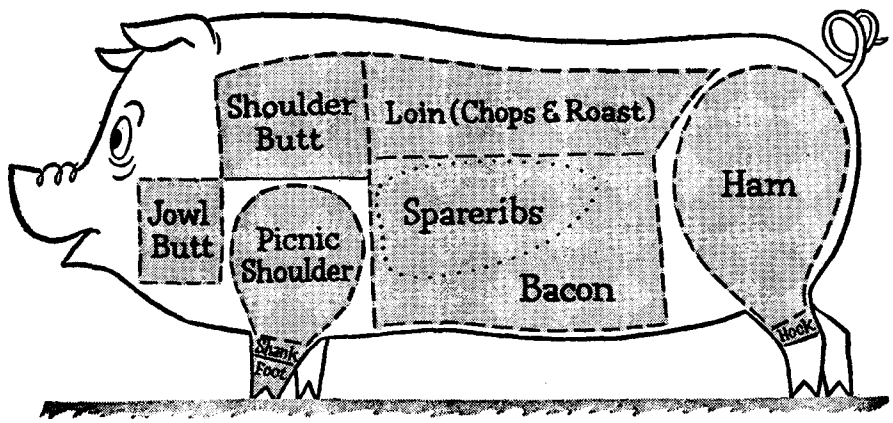

was visiting the Rodgers menage in Long Beach to be with Dick's older brother, Mortimer, now one of the country's leading gynecologists, and already in those days a paragon of good humor, even temper, and unfailing optimism that won him the sobriquet of "Sunshine." Morty's saintlike nature has not soured with the years. Only recently when his wife Sue's pet Peke bit him unexpectedly in the ankle his only sign of displeasure was to hurl about two thousand dollars' worth of rare and irreplaceable china at the bloodthirsty beast.

The night I arrived in Long Beach I remember for two reasons: one, Morty's father, Dr. William Rodgers, was summoned to attend the ailing Miss Norma Talmadge, who represented for me at the time absolute

perfection and the unattainable in womankind; and two, the household was awakened in the middle of the night by a violent thunderstorm. At its height Richard appeared suddenly in his pajamas, white as a sheet and trembling with fear. "What the blank are you doing here?" barked Morty with characteristic graciousness. "I-I-I w-w-wanted to be sure you f-f-fellows were O.K." quavered Dick. Morty and I have calculated it was just ten years later that Dick was being wined and dined by the Prince of Wales. Morty was an interne at the time and I was making a fortune selling books for Horace Liveright in Worcester, Massachusetts.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN presided over my fraternity initiation at Columbia (I did the same for Dick a few years later). "Oc" was as universally popular then, as soft-spoken and unassuming, as he's been ever since. I've never

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Abandoned leaves,
To mat and bury the woodland walk,
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Here's rain that washes
The pretty transient colors from sight,
Leaving a monk-hued
Landscape, under the lonely cloud-light.

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quite gotten over my hero worship for him. In my freshman year he authored and co-starred in the Varsity Show with Herman Axelrod, whose son today is author of the Broadway smash "The Seven Year Itch." The name of Oscar's show was "Home, James," and I'm prepared to sing its hit numbers for you (including "Mary McGuiness Pavlowa") at the drop of a hat.

A couple of years later Oscar wrote a straight play called "The Light," produced by his uncle, Arthur Hammerstein, in New Haven, in May 1919. We couldn't promote round-trip fares and other expenses for our whole chapter to attend the premiere, so we drew lots to decide the one fratre who would be financed for the expedition. The winner, if such he may be called, wired us—collect—at the conclusion of the opening night's performance. His telegram read, " 'The Light' will never illuminate Broadway."

At the fifth—and last—performance of "The Light" there were more people onstage than there were in the audience, but the leading lady achieved immortality of a sort midway through Act Two. The script called for her to exclaim, "Everything is falling down around me"—and at that precise moment she lost her—er—petticoat. In all the smash hits with which he's been connected since Oscar's never earned a bigger laugh.

AS FOR RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S latest biographer, Deems Taylor, the last time I saw him was, of all places, in the judge's booth at the Atlantic City "Miss America" pageant. He was, furthermore, acting as judge in this event for the fourth time. I demanded of him, "What in tarnation is a man who has had two operas produced at the Met doing in a job like this?" Deems's eyes gleamed with pleasure and he answered very simply, "Because I love it!"—BENNETT CERF.

Death of an Ant

By Carleton Drewry

THROUGH a magnifying glass
That made me God one day
I watched him die in the grass.
Hugely alone he lay,

Grotesque, anomalous beast
Distorted out of kind,
Till one who seemed the least
Absorbed my whole of mind.

I laid aside the lens,
And lost him then where all
The vast experience
Occurred in one so small.

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Good News

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▶ Led by the American Legion, Oregon veterans organizations have condemned "negative" loyalty oaths for teachers. They also declared that school officials "should have the opportunity, if it is necessary, to clean their own house without being harassed by outside organizations."

▶ Girl Scouts of the USA have been busy welcoming forty-eight teen-age ambassadors of good will representing girls of twelve countries in other parts of the world. Thousands of American girls in thirteen communities are receiving these guests in their homes, entertaining, camping with them, and exchanging skills, ideas, interests, and impressions. Travel expenses of the visitors are defrayed by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund, which is supported by pennies, nickels, and dimes contributed by American Girl Scouts. It is hoped that the visit will give Girl Scouts of other countries a chance to learn how Americans really live, as well as to demonstrate the skills and practices peculiar to their own national scout movements.

▶ Television, long feared by book publishers as a potentially dangerous competitor, seems to be stimulating rather than discouraging reading among children and adults. Miss Gertrude E. Gscheidle, of the Chicago Public Library, one of the world's largest, recently wrote in a letter supporting educational television for Chicago: "Throughout the past year the Chicago Public Library has received many requests, following television programs, for books mentioned, subjects discussed, and plays presented." She added her belief that television can be a "real ally of all agencies working with the educational, recreational, and inspirational needs of children and adults."

▶ The United Nations Korean Construction Agency has taken a first step towards the rehabilitation of that country's war-ravaged forests by making available to the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry of the Republic forty million young trees for planting its now barren hillsides.

—Donald Harrington.

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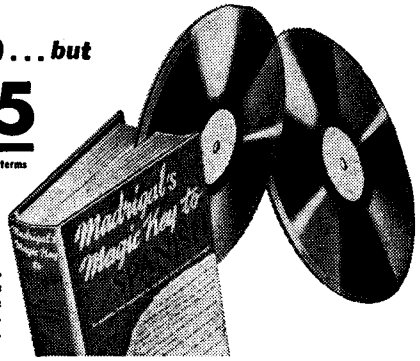

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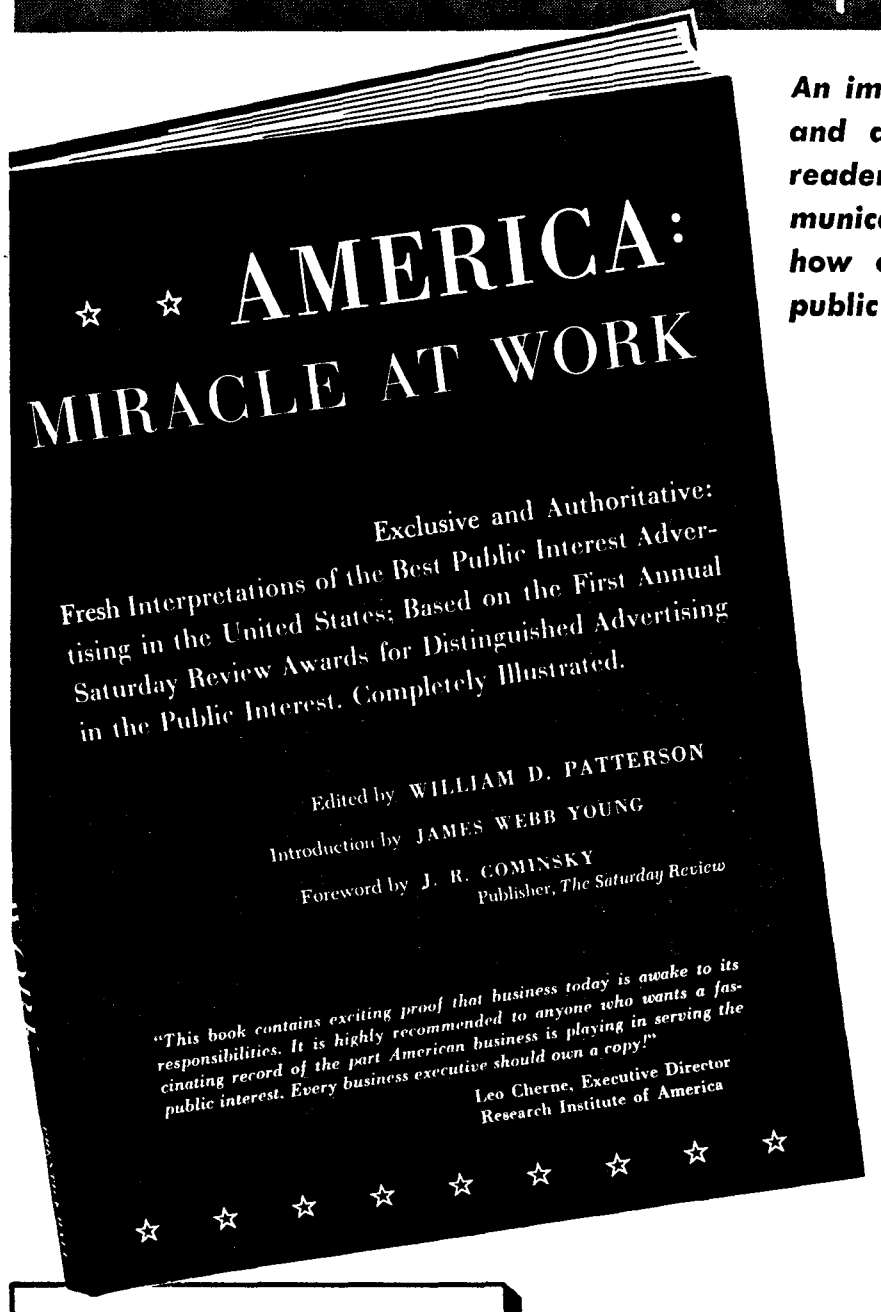
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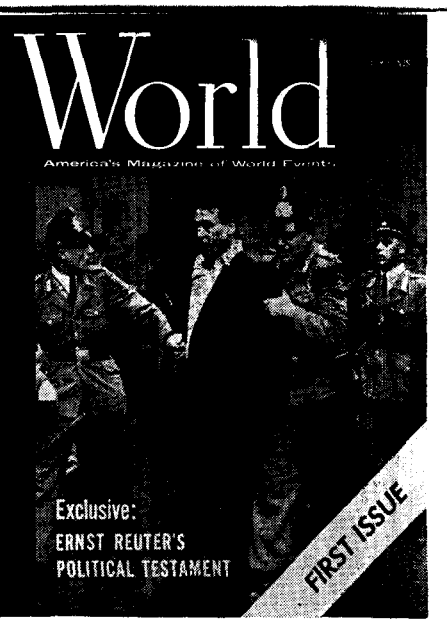

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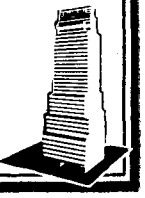

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 24, 1953

OUR MEDITERRANEAN HERITAGE

THERE are many good reasons why the Mediterranean has been of perennial interest to Americans. It is a region rich in natural beauty and artistic treasures, and today it is bubbling again with the ferment of new stimuli and new ideas. This contemporary aspect of the Mediterranean is mirrored in the special section beginning on page 44 of this issue. But perhaps the greatest attraction this area holds for us lies in its ancient civilizations—the Graeco-Roman-Christian and the Islamic—to which we owe so great a debt. This heritage is analyzed in the accompanying articles (below and on page 18), the Christian by Gilbert Murray, the Islamic by Carleton S. Coon. Mr. Murray, now in his eighty-eighth year, has been a worldwide authority on classical civilization since the publication of his "History of Ancient Greek Literature" in 1897. Mr. Coon is an anthropologist and author who has made a specialty of Near Eastern culture.

1. The Christian Tradition

By GILBERT MURRAY

EVERY civilization has its roots in the past, and the West has a great civilization of which we are all extremely conscious, though we hardly know what name to give it. We sometimes say "Christian," sometimes "Hellenic." Of course, historically, we all have millions of ancestors: the West is the product of multitudes of different nations and histories; yet our vital inheritance seems really to come from three particular cities in the Mediterranean region: Athens, Jerusalem, and Rome.

The Roman influence is everywhere. It is by far the most visible and striking; but in almost every case, when we look beneath the surface, the real moving power is Greek. Our Latin alphabet is really Greek, our Roman law Greek in origin, our political ideas almost entirely Greek. We even describe the tradition as "Hellenic" because, as the Roman poet says, *Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit:* "Captured Greece made her rude conqueror captive." Greek culture was moving on much the same lines as Rome, but happened to be more advanced; and, also, Greece had from the most primitive times an extraordinary command of language: at a stage when other peoples could scarcely mumble the Greeks were clearly articulate. They could think clearly; they could explain and teach.

In the ordinary regions of scientific knowledge Rome had simply to follow the lead of Greece. She had to learn from Greece her architecture, her field measurements, her seamanship and navigation, her medicine, her geography, geometry, astronomy, and mathematics in general. We do not notice our dependence on Greece and Rome in such things, because discoveries in science, however glorious to the discoverer and important to society, are quickly surpassed by further discoveries and made obsolete. But in the region of things that are not ever surpassed, the regions of imagination and aspiration, Greece had the same unquestioned lead.

A Roman with a love of poetry in the first or second century B.C. found abundance of magnificent Greek poetry to read, and very little in his own language or elsewhere. When Virgil's genius sought expression it found it in the sort of pastorals that Theocritus wrote, in the poems about fields and crops and bees that Hesiod and Aratus wrote, or in some part of the great heroic or romantic tradition expressed by so many Greek poets from Homer to Apollonius. Horace, a great original poet himself, can give no more emphatic advice to a young poet than to turn over his Greek models night and day. When Lucretius wanted to find the true secret of the universe he could only go to a Greek philosopher for it; when he wanted the proper technique for expressing it in such a way as to move mankind he went to Greek poets.

THE philosophy which moved the Romans most was, characteristically, that which was concerned with practice and told men and statesmen what to do. It was ethics, politics, and, to some extent, religion. That sort of thing was only to be found in Greek writers. The Latin language had not even the necessary vocabulary until great masters of language like Cicero invented the suitable words and could proceed to translate and explain. It is interesting to notice that Cicero, the Roman philosopher, translates from the Greek, but in less than two centuries the chief Roman philosopher of that time, Marcus Aurelius, actually writes in Greek. Roman civilization, as it became more perfect, became more Hellenic, and as it decayed tried to grasp tightly the bits of Hellenism that it could still hold.

The Romans were wonderful governors, probably the best there had at that time ever been. They had courage,

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conscience, and a sense of justice; but otherwise they were rough, practical men. If we look for the specific heritage which the Roman example has left for modern civilization to maintain or to recover we shall find, I think, two great institutions: a united religion and a united civilization. In saying united I mean, in the limited ancient sense, worldwide or oecumenical—that is, covering the inhabited or civilized world as known to the Romans. The united civilization was attained by deliberate effort, by military conquest and effective government. It lasted with varying degrees of success for some centuries. It is above all things the thing that Europe is now striving to recover. The united religion came about almost unconsciously and indeed reluctantly, in response to the primordial cravings of human society, and it has lasted on in great strength to the present day.

To discuss the effort for political unity would take us too far afield; but the movement towards unity in religion is instructive to trace and perhaps suggests to us one of the great problems for our own future. Ancient religions were never intolerant but always extremely local and almost always agricultural. Each little settlement had its divine protectors: almost always a local earth-mother and a divine son, or young king, who brought back the vegetation of spring and saved the people from the famine of winter. There was, of course, a great father, too, to rule and protect and do justice, but he was further off in the sky. The son was nearer; he came from the union of sky and earth, the son of a god and a mortal woman. You could fairly neglect other people's gods—unless you were in their territory. In Athens, Aristophanes could ridicule all the literary Homeric gods but must never fail in respect to Athena.

A RELIGION for the Roman Empire became a practical question, and Roman statesmen, though not really much interested in religious speculations, had to attend to it. The local Roman gods would hardly do. Experiments were tried with *Dea Roma*, the Goddess Rome; but it did not act very well. It was somehow too artificial for a real religion. Then, on the analogy of oriental kings, the Emperor himself was deified. He did not insist on being actually worshiped — subject peoples might worship their own gods as freely as they liked. It was enough if his special authority was recognized; enough if people would, as a sign of loyalty, burn a little incense to him. If any nation refused that it was abnormal; it must mean they had some

(*Continued on page* 74)

2. *The Islamic Tradition*

By CARLETON S. COON

BY THE sixth century the Graeco-Roman civilization of which Gilbert Murray writes so authoritatively in the adjoining article had become immobilized on dead center. It was rich in philosophy but poor in techniques. Aristotle, who covered all branches of existing knowledge, was as unaware of the importance of technology in the growth of cultures as he was of that of the nervous system in human physiology. It needed a new tradition to advance Western civilization beyond the limits of Greek and Roman thought. That tradition sprang from the Arab world on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and was carried by bearers of the advancing Islamic religion into Europe.

In 570 A.D. or thereabouts a man was born in the city of Mekka on the eastern side of the Arabian peninsula. His name was Muhammad ibn Abdallah ibn Abu Talib. The details of his life are too well known to warrant repetition here. It is the results of his sojourn on earth that are important. Back in the days when all men were hunters Arabia was a rich and happy hunting ground, lush with green grass on which grazed countless herds of succulent hoofed and horned animals. On their flesh lived human beings. At that time the westerly winds which now cross Southern Russia had been deflected southward by the glacial ice cap to give Arabia its water. When the ice retreated the westerlies moved northward, Arabia gradually dried up, and the long sequence of progressive hardships that was to forge and to temper the Arabian people began.

As cultivated plants and herd animals were introduced from the north Arabs began to till what land they could, particularly in Yemen, and to drive sheep and goats out into the desert for pasture. As time went on and the water supply was reduced even more much of this hitherto arable land had to be abandoned. A temporary turn for the better came when two new animals were introduced into Arabia, the camel and the horse. With the camel former farmers could go out on the desert to become nomads; with the horse they could fight their rivals for the wells and for the perfumed patches of flowers and grass that rose like magic after the rains. With the camel the Arabs could organize caravans to carry overland to the Mediterranean the incense gums of Southern Arabia and the silks, fine cottons, precious metals, gems, and spices of India which they had picked up at the seaports of the South. They could also carry goods over the Syrian desert from the head of the Persian Gulf to Damascus and Aleppo. But the camel bore the virus of his own destruction in his shearing teeth and rubbery lips. So close did he crop the grass and bushes of the peninsula that soil erosion proceeded apace and the landscape grew increasingly barren. Thus, Arabs came to rely more and more on the carrying trade for their living; and less and less of their efforts went into the production of food.

UNLIKE other peoples of their day who lived in self-contained and self-sufficient villages, the Arabs were people who moved about and saw much of one another. They needed to keep their wits sharp at all times, for —like their ancestors of hunting days —they were still fighting the forces of nature. Such men have a sense of timing, a capacity for organization, and a feeling for austerity. The religion which Muhammad preached was not a single aspect of human culture but a way of life, a complete social system so organized that it reduced to a minimum all areas of disturbance between human beings and made it possible for people to live comfortably and in dignity at a minimum of expense. For example, since wine had to be imported it was too expensive to serve as a beverage of ceremonial hospitality and too unhealthy in a hot country where alcohol can increase the heat load of the body to a

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critical level. Since wood was scarce and expensive it was polite to do without furniture and to sit on the floor.

The religion of Islam was essentially a middle-class faith and system, suited to the needs of a tough and mobile nation of merchants and carriers. The Arabs' contribution in the field of religion consisted of an emphasis on dignity, the importance of the individual, his direct personal relationship to the forces of nature that had created him, and his chance to make a decent profit as a reward for hard work and intelligence, along with a provision for the care of the poor and helpless. As the Arabs moved out of their peninsula into lands which had long been civilized Islam was adopted by peasant villagers, who added chthonic elements of their own, and by urban sophisticates, who embroidered it with mysticism and esoteric theology.

By the tenth century Islam of one kind or another had been adopted all the way from Spain to India and, what is more important, a cultural high road had been created over which people, goods, and ideas could move freely from one end of this vast East-West expanse to the other. This freedom was a product of the Arab concept of nationality. To them all believers, and the Jews, Christians, and Zoroastrians, whom they called People of the Book, and who lived in territories governed by them, were members of a single world community. Individual sultans and emirs controlled equivalent territories, but not the movements of their subjects, who could make the pilgrimage every year if they wished and change their residence and affiliations freely. This marvelous mobility was distinctly different from the situation in Western Europe and the European countries bordering the Mediterranean. It was greatly facilitated by the use of a common language, Arabic, which served as the medium of both commerce and religion.

Traders in Arabia, the Arabs remained traders everywhere. They brought paper from China to the West, thus facilitating the book business once Gutenberg and others had begun printing. Cotton, which they carried from India, furnished people living in warm countries with a cheap and abundant garment material in place of the more expensive linen. Rice, which yields many times more per acre than wheat, was introduced from the Far East to all countries where it could be grown under irrigation, as in Italy and Spain. Its cultivation permitted an increase in population. Citrus fruit added a delicacy, a pre-

(*Continued on page* 60)

Sequoia, Nuts and Sunshine

"California as a Place to Live," by John A. Crow *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 246 pp. $3.95),* ***"My San Francisco," by Joseph Henry Jackson*** *(Thomas Y. Crowell. 42 pp. $1.50), and* ***"Don't Call It Frisco," by Herbert Caen*** *(Doubleday, 287 pp. $3.50), are new examples of the burgeoning literary interest in the West Coast. Oscar Lewis, who reviews them below, is the author of "A History of San Francisco" and other volumes.*

By Oscar Lewis

BOOKS about California, once something of a novelty on the publishers' lists, have been cropping up far more frequently in recent years, so much so that it is not uncommon nowadays to find among each season's offerings a score or more titles dealing with one phase or another of life in the Golden State. Why, it might be asked, has so much attention come to be directed toward a region that the rest of the nation was once quite content to ignore entirely or, at the most, to read about with approximately the same degree of rapt interest they displayed in, say, Kansas or Alabama—and considerably less than in Sumatra or Tahiti?

A number of reasons—most of them sound—have been put forth to account for this. For, while during all its more than a hundred years as a state California has seldom been accused of dragging its feet, in the past two decades it has made truly prodigious strides in population growth, in the expansion and diversification of its industries, and — not least — in publicizing its attractions. These factors, plus improved transportation, the spread of the urge to travel among all segments of the nation's population, and a wider acceptance of the "See America First" slogan, have made the state a vacationland to which visitors flock in numbers undreamed of a generation ago. All this, together with a salubrious climate and the facilities for year-around outdoor recreation, has created a widely held belief that life can be easier and more diverting on the far coast, with the result that interest in the area has risen sharply in every part of the country.

This development had been under way for some years before the publishers became fully aware of it. Once they realized its significance, however, they lost no time bringing out titles designed to supply this increasingly active market. The consequence was that what was once a thin trickle became, if not a roaring torrent, at least a swift-flowing stream that yearly pours forth a sizable quota of books—fiction, history, biography, economics, politics, travel, recreation, or what have you—all intended to throw light on some aspect of what has come to be recognized as one of the best advertised and widely discussed sections of the nation.

During the present fall season the publishers' output in this field shows

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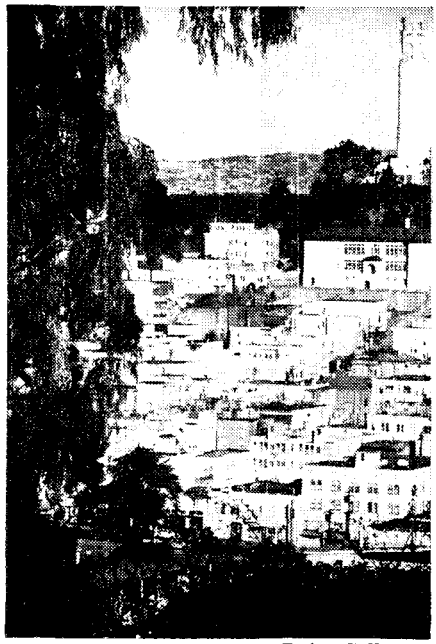
no signs of slacking off. Moreover, if the three works here considered are any indication of what is to come there will be no reason to complain of the quality of the offerings, for each in its way is an excellent job, well worthy of a place on any well-selected shelf of Californiana.

First in order of publication is John A. Crow's "California as a Place to Live," which surveys the contemporary scene in a series of brief, fact-laden chapters, illustrated by a group of striking scenic photographs, handsomely reproduced. As its title suggests, the emphasis throughout is on those aspects of California most likely to interest persons who may be considering taking up permanent residence there; namely, jobs, wage-scales, housing, climate, schools, recreation, and the like. While the author—an emigre from Texas via New York City—tries hard to hold the scales evenly, the picture he draws is a decidedly rosy one. He maintains that for the average man, provided only he is open-minded, adaptable, and reasonably industrious, life in California can be fuller and more rewarding not only for himself but for his wife and family, and this regardless of where in the thousand-mile-long state he chooses to settle and follow his chosen occupation, whether as farmer, factory hand, miner, lumberman, merchant, or any one of scores of others. The author's conclusions are likely to be pronounced much too sanguine—particularly by those benighted souls who prefer to live elsewhere—but he presents his arguments persuasively, and backs them up with an array of official facts and figures that go far to uphold the main points of his thesis.

THE two other books take in much less territory, dealing as they do not with the whole state but with a single city. This, however, is no great handicap, for the place is San Francisco, a city widely acknowledged to be one of the world's truly charming and civilized cosmopolitan centers. For many years writers have been attempting to explain the subtle magic the town holds for all who know it, residents and visitors alike, and here we have two authors assaying that task once more—and succeeding far better than most of their predecessors.

Joseph Henry Jackson, in his "My San Francisco," performs the difficult feat of compressing into small space all the outstanding characteristics that have won the place the unique position it occupies among American cities, and in the process lets the discerning reader in on some of the secrets of its all-pervading flavor and



—*Ewing Galloway.*

S. F.—"truly charming and civilized."

color. In this unabashed paean in praise of his adoptive city the author (who for more than twenty years has been literary critic of *The San Francisco Chronicle*) pays tribute to the city's physical attractions, its brilliant sunshine and cooling fogs, its foods and wines, the sights and sounds and weird architecture of its foreign quarters and down-at-the-heel residential districts, along with some penetrating comments on the crotchets of its amiable, tolerant, but stubbornly individualistic citizens. In all that has been written about the city it would be hard to find a work that crowds so much significant detail into such confined space.

The third book, Herb Caen's "Don't Call it Frisco," pays homage to the city at much greater length than the other volume, and although their approaches are quite different both reach much the same conclusions as to the charm and variety of the place. Caen's daily column in the local *Examiner* has long been required breakfast-time reading for many thousands in San Francisco and its environs, and the present work is made up of a selection of some of the choicer items from that source plus a considerable amount of original matter here first printed. The result is an illuminating and highly readable potpourri, for Caen has an uncannily sharp eye for the picturesque, offbeat happenings in his favorite city and the vagaries of its unpredictable residents. All of which he puts down in a prose as crisp and pointed as the energizing tradewinds that daily swirl about the hills and through the man-made canyons of his Bagdad-by-the-Bay.

Loop the Loop

"Fabulous Chicago," by Emmett Dedmon *(Random House. 358 pp. $5),* ***"Chicago's Left Bank," by Alison J. Smith*** *(Henry Regnery. 270 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Strictly Personal," by Sydney J. Harris*** *(Henry Regnery. 244 pp. $2.95), are all about life in the metropolis on Lake Michigan today and yesterday. Wayne Andrews, who reviews them below, grew up in the Windy City and once wrote a book about it, "The Battle of Chicago."*

By Wayne Andrews

NOSTALGIA is a plant that crops up in the strangest places. Wistful may be the last adjective you would think of applying to America's second city, but if you happen to know a thoughtful Chicagoan you may discover that he looks back with a certain longing to the good old days of the early twentieth century. Even if Chicago never was a literary capital, that was the time when Walter Burley Griffin, Purcell and Elmslie, Frank Lloyd Wright, and the other architects of the Chicago School were forcing critics the world over to turn their eyes to the shore of Lake Michigan. And that was the time when Marshall Field and the other captains of industry were among those setting the pace for American capitalism.

Today all this has changed. Though you can never tell what Frank Lloyd Wright will be doing tomorrow morning, he has designed so few buildings in the Chicago area in the last forty years that it is evident he belongs to the nation as much as to Oak Park. As for the local businessmen, who are doing very well, thank you, they have none of them succeeded in focusing the attention of the country on their achievements. In politics, too, our second city seems to be relaxing its grip on America's future. According to a recent dispatch to *The New York Times* from James B. Reston, the control of the Republican Party is shifting from the Middle West to the East and West Coasts.

But it would never do to suppose that Chicago has given up the ghost. Its past is too vital, and its loyal citizens too numerous, even though many of them be scattered in its suburbs. Something of what the great city on the lake has meant and means today to the rest of us is apparent in three new books.

Emmett Dedmon's "Fabulous Chicago" is the sort of thing you might well give a cousin moving there on

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business, especially if that cousin is unacquainted with the pleasures and perils of the Loop. To people who have grown up in Chicago and its suburbs much of what Mr. Dedmon has to say will be a familiar but indubitably picturesque story, with a little about everything, from bicycling to opera-going, and from Hull House to the houses of ill fame. Patterned after Lloyd Lewis's and Henry Justin Smith's volume on "Chicago: The History of Its Reputation" (1929), it comes close to condensing in less than 400 pages just what the average Chicagoan would like everyone else to know about life in his home town.

ACCORDING to Emmett Dedmon, the typical Chicagoan down the years has been a tough egg with a tender heart. Naturally, then, the best chapters deal with the supposedly glamorous underworld, and the numberless politicos, actors, and actresses who never strayed far from the Levee. The Everleigh sisters and other madams are given top billing, and the quips of those ingenuous aldermen John ("The Bath") Coughlin and Michael ("Hinky Dink") Kenna have not been slighted.

When history is told from this point of view too much attention cannot be paid the city's businessmen, for only one of them, the late Charles T. Yerkes, Jr., was sufficiently notorious to star in such company. The author is not altogether at his ease when he comes to the career of Samuel Insull, perhaps because this would involve an earnest discussion of his merits as a manager and his failings as a financier. And nothing, or almost nothing, is said about the role of the railroads in building the metropolis. Indeed, the uninformed reader might almost imagine that locomotives were as unwelcome on the prairie as typhoid carriers.

Unfortunately, there are Chicagoans who will feel that Mr. Dedmon has been so anxious to tell a colorful story that he has occasionally missed the point. When, for example, he reaches the Haymarket Riot the author makes plain that the leaders were up to no good, but does not bother to point out that several public-spirited citizens were determined, no matter what the consequence to their social standing, to see justice done. One of those who protested the trial was mismanaged was that great-hearted crusader Henry Demarest Lloyd. Another was Lyman Trumbull, easily the most conscientious Senator Illinois ever sent to Washington. If Lloyd and Trumbull had not cried out Governor Altgeld might not have been able, seven years after the trial was over, to pardon Fielden, Schwab, and Neebe—an event of which no notice is taken in these pages.

EVEN if you do not believe that the courage of Lloyd and Trumbull is worth recording, you may wish, if you are a native, that Dedmon had taken a few days off from his job as assistant Sunday editor of the *Sun-Times* to reread the galleys of this book. Among the errors that will plague the author in days to come is the claim that the Haymarket rioter Albert Parsons was the son of a Confederate general. The truth is that Parsons's father died ten years before Fort Sumter. Worse, the two Ryerson families have been confused—which is almost like mixing the Hyde Park and Oyster Bay Roosevelts.

Emmett Dedmon may have made a few slips here and there, but his book is a model of accuracy compared to Alison J. Smith's "Chicago's Left Bank." Here is an excellent example of title tells all. If you think the artists and writers now dwelling in Chicago's Towertown ought to be contrasted with those of Paris, you may be just the person to enjoy this account of the city's journalists, jazzmen, painters, poets, architects, and opera stars. You won't object to Smith's yarn about "one of the youngest, prettiest, nudest, professional artist's models," and you may even put up with one of his strenuous stories about the houses of prostitution.

This reviewer must confess he was happy to turn from Smith's examination of Chicago's status as a cultural center to Sydney J. Harris's "Strictly Personal." Even if you are convinced that the papers published in Cook County these days leave a great deal to be desired, you will have to acknowledge that here is a columnist any alert editor would be happy to snatch from the *Chicago Daily News*. Readers of this highly entertaining selection will find Harris is that rare individual who enjoys being himself. His column is about anything he happens to have on his mind at the moment. Unafraid of quoting from his favorite authors—they range, incidentally, from Baudelaire to Bergson—he also has a grand time recalling the feats of his childhood. Once, so he tells us, he delved behind the back seat of an elder cousin's Auburn and came out with a ukulele with only two strings missing.

Let us hope the day is not far off when New Yorkers like myself will have the privilege of following Harris in their own dailies. Not that Harris himself should forsake Chicago. Evidently Harris the man belongs as definitely to Chicago as does Kroch's superb bookstore. He himself is positive that "the best people tend to become their worst" in Manhattan. "There is too much to do, too many persons to see, too many reasons for talking and playing instead of working seriously."

"Frankly, what we really need here are more women."

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State of Cool Independences

Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Vermont Tradition" *(Little, Brown. 488 pp. $4.50) is an interpretation of the way of life of the Granite State and a survey of its history. Chilton Williamson, who reviews it here, is assistant professor of history at Barnard College and author of "Vermont in Quandary."*

By Chilton Williamson

A FEW years ago this reviewer, upon taking title to 105 acres, more or less, of Vermont land, was advised to make the acquaintance of Dorothy Canfield Fisher over in Arlington. It was good advice, for Mrs. Fisher has gained a reputation as a sympathetic and intelligent commentator upon the Vermont way of life. Having been so for many years, Mrs. Fisher must have long since felt a need for a systematic definition of what this tradition is.

In the introduction to her new book, "Vermont Tradition: The Biography of an Outlook on Life," Mrs. Fisher warns that any compact statement would be open to criticism, so much so, she says, that her book might well have been entitled "What Vermont Tradition Means to Me." In her opinion the tradition concerns itself with the conduct of life which in Vermont means a devotion to the equality of individuals and an intense dislike of anything savoring of regimentation. Since Vermonters were fearfully regimented for a long time by the inexorable law of comparative economic [dis]advantage, this attitude is natural enough. Vermonters turn out to be suspiciously like Americans except that few if any of them burn with the zeal of the reformer to make the world over. In the history of the little state Mrs. Fisher believes is to be found the major source of the traditions of today. Despite the disclaimer, her work is largely an informal history, enlivened by autobiographical detail, folk lore, and imaginary conversations.

Her analysis of how Vermonters got to be the way they are covers the period from about 1763 to the Civil War and includes accounts of how Vermont was opened to settlement, the nature of the human material pouring up the Connecticut and Champlain valleys, the severance of the New Hampshire Grants from New York, and the vicissitudes of the potash boom and sheep-raising craze. Particularly valuable and often original are her efforts to relate these developments to the emerging tradition. The second part of the book is devoted to the testing of the tradition during the last one hundred years, a century beset by the pains of economic contractions, dislocations, and readjustments. Mrs. Fisher's compassion and understanding of her subject make the reading of her book a moving experience.

If one were to be as contrary-minded as Vermonters are alleged to be, one might question the statement that they have been such fierce individualists. If they have felt strongly enough about something they have, in practice, violated their individualist creed. For example, some towns still will not permit the sale of alcoholic drinks, thus forcing individuals to travel miles to purchase so innocent a beverage as beer. Furthermore, the eighteenth-century policy of supporting churches by requiring towns to lease land from them in perpetuity curiously violates modern concepts of the separation of church and state. Historically, too, Vermonters made real contributions to progress of pre-Civil War reform movements, thereby showing more interest in remaking the world than Mrs. Fisher indicates.

Possibly Mrs. Fisher has overemphasized the intensity of Vermont individualism and has failed to recognize sufficiently that the tradition of the first century has undergone substantial modification during the second. The historian David M. Ludlum recognized this phenomenon when he concluded his work on Vermont reform movements at a point prior to the Civil War. The quietist emphasis of present-day Vermont is acknowledged by Mrs. Fisher but not adequately accounted for in the second part of her book. A good, readable book on Vermont, nevertheless, is rare; "Vermont Tradition" is such a book. It is a skilful, non-sentimental interpretation of Vermont character which, though conventional in the main, may be near the truth.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHEN YOU CALL ME THAT, SIMILE

Ed Maher of Winchester Bay, Oregon, has culled from Shakespeare twenty of "the most unsavoury similes" (Falstaff) and asks you, in each instance, to identify the speaker, the play, and the subject of the uncomplimentary comparison. Twelve such combined disclosures will be commendable, from thirteen to sixteen laudable, and above sixteen hot stuff. Answers on page 41.

1. ". . . like the base Indian . . ."
2. ". . . like a puff'd and reckless libertine . . ."
3. ". . . like a rat without a tail . . ."
4. "Like a false traitor and injurious villain . . ."
5. ". . . like strumpets . . ."
6. ". . . like snail
   Unwillingly to school . . ."
7. ". . . like
   A thing most brutish . . ."
8. ". . . like a worm i' the bud . . ."
9. ". . . like a scurvy politician . . ."
10. ". . . like a drunken sailor on a mast . . ."
11. ". . . like the devil, from his very arm
    Puffed his own brother . . ."
12. ". . . like apes that mow and chatter at me . . ."
13. ". . . like the toad, ugly and venomous . . ."
14. ". . . like horse-leeches . . ."
15. ". . . like rats that ravin down their proper bane . . ."
16. ". . . like a drunkard reels
    From forth day's path . . ."
17. ". . . like a dried herring . . ."
18. ". . . like a fawning publican . . ."
19. ". . . like a dotard nor a fool . . ."
20. ". . . like a cur out of my way . . ."

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Freakish Fair

"Monster Midway," by Walter Lindsay Gresham *(Rinehart. 309 pp. $3.75), is an introduction to the fascinating world of carnivals and the people who run them. Below it is reviewed by Bernard Sobel, author of "Burlesque: A History of Burlesque" and other books on the world of make-believe.*

By Bernard Sobel

FOR those who love carnivals and for those who want to own and run one William Lindsay Gresham has written just the book. All the required, fantastic information is in the pages of "Monster Midway," from the beckoning banners which pull in the crowds to the dare-devil acts which knock them speechless.

Basing his instruction on personal experience, extensive research, and numerous interviews, Mr. Gresham describes the various types of equipment necessary for lighting and transporting the show; the mechanism of carousels, Ferris wheels, motordromes, and roller-coasters. With uncompromising intimacy, he discusses the behavior and management of carnival folk while they are with the show or in retirement; and he takes time off to provide extensive interviews with famous outdoor amusement innovators and star performers. To his exposé of badger games he adds a little philosophy in an endeavor to justify their existence. Best of all, mercifully gratifying a public curiosity that has persisted for decades, he discloses the secrets of fire-eating, knife-throwing, Houdini escapes, snake charmers, and optical illusions. Sticking pins into yourself, incidentally, is easy when you know the receptive dermal areas. Anyway, pain is "all in the mind."

In an extremely interesting chapter on freaks Mr. Gresham stresses the fact that they are thoroughly human in spite of their malformations. The best draw is a girl who has three legs or arms or a woman with parts of another body sprouting from her waist, conditions brought about by imperfect ovum fission. The half-man half-woman is also popular though usually a phony. Among the 20,000 case histories on sex deviations collected by the German scientist Magnus Hirshfeld he found only one true case of hermaphroditis.

"Siamese" twins appear somewhat frequently in the news these days, but the original Chinese brothers, Eng and Chang, were for many years international curiosities. They grew up however, to be ordinary, self-effacing citizens. After retiring from the Barnum circus they assumed the American name Bunker, operated a farm, married two sisters, kept one wife in one house and the other in another, visited them on alternating days, and eventually sired a numerous progeny.

Though usually considered members of the same family, midgets and dwarfs are quite different from each other. The small stature of midgets is brought about by a deficiency in the pituitary gland. There are four types: "primordial midgets" who reach puberty at about fifteen and remain under four feet in height; midgets who are born tiny, show signs of middle age when they are five or six years old, and who die soon after of senility; "true" midgets, who are normal size at birth and who stop growing between the ages of two and seven; and "infantile" midgets, who remain physically children but have an adult's mentality.

Dwarfs are the "result of some malfunction of the thyroid gland." Attila the Hun was a dwarf. The warrior king Wladislaus I, who ascended the Polish throne in 1306, was a dwarf and so was his contemporary, bloodthirsty Charles III of Sicily and Naples.

For the general, detached reader some of this book will seem extraneous, mere filler, in spite of the author's real, vicarious, and death-defying efforts to learn the nature of a carny act for the sake of knowing the person behind the act. And some of the disclosures are unconvincing, particularly those having to do with Roman Gypsy procedure and the technique of the geek, the gentleman who bites the heads off chickens and snakes, a character whom the author treated with memorable vividness in his novel "Nightmare Alley."

Certain principles of behavior advocated by the carnies have a universal application: 'When an alluring bait is deliberately dangled in front of your nose, it has a hook in it . . . Don't knock yourself out no matter how hard you have to labor . . . Don't grab after things; let things happen . . . Be optimistic: 'Hell, it can't rain forever.' If your work is hazardous, avoid liquor.

"When your child is on a merry-go-round, never, never, never, never wave to him as he passes you." Doing so will break into a "golden moment," a blissful excursion on a prancing horse, into the land where dreams come true.

Sovereign Audience

"The Public Is Never Wrong," by Adolph Zukor and Dale Kramer *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 298 pp. $4), and* ***"A Tree Is a Tree," by King Vidor*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 315 pp. $3.95), are the autobiographies of two pioneer film makers. Below they are reviewed by Richard Griffith, director of the Museum of Modern Art's film library and author of "The World of Robert Flaherty."*

By Richard Griffith

WHEN it came time for the biographies of the pioneer movie moguls they sensibly and according to their custom hired the best talent available to write them: John Drinkwater produced "The Life and Adventures of Carl Laemmle," Alva Johnston "The Great Goldwyn," Upton Sinclair characteristically "presented" "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox," and Will Irwin wrote the life of Adolph Zukor up to 1928 in "The House That Shadows Built." This good custom had among other reasons for being the fact that the bold immigrant lads who fought their way to the headship of a great industry had acquired greater mastery of business techniques than of literary English. Another reason now appears, the limits imposed by modesty. Will Irwin could, with great cogency and with the appearance of hard-boiled objectivity, celebrate the amazing achievements of Adolph Zukor, but Mr. Zukor himself, signing his own name on the title page of "The Public Is Never Wrong" beside Dale Kramer's, is constrained to a measure of self-depreciation. It is a credit to his well-known self-effacement, but it does not sit well with those who know something of what the man fought for, won, and partially lost.

His autobiography takes the form of an emphasis on popular anecdote, centering around the stars, with the magnate in the role of avuncular looker-on. The actual Adolph Zukor was born in Ricse, Hungary, more than eighty years ago and came to America the cruel immigrant way of those days. Drawn to show business, he saw miles beyond the entrepreneurs of his time and realized that the future of the movies lay in a constant improvement of quality guided by the taking of continual soundings in popular taste, and by the courage to go just a fathom deeper than the soundings indicated. He imported Sarah

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Saturday Review

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Massing the Will to Peace

"I REFUSE to admit," said President Eisenhower speaking a few days ago at the conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, "that men cannot operate, free men cannot operate, as effectively on a constructive basis as they can when their sole purpose is the negative one of saving themselves from destruction." That is, of course, the only assumption on which civilization can hope to endure —the foundation on which any platform, national or international, must rest. For men cannot strive toward a goal unless they think it possible of attainment; they cannot hope to achieve accord unless they think such accord within the realm of possibilities. Fear or despair may be a temporary spur to action but they can never be a substitute for the determination that is born of the conviction that effort can produce results.

In the precariously poised world of the present the balance between a defeatist pessimism and a heedless complacency or blind disregard of the fearful fortunes time may bring is difficult to strike. The long catalogue of disappointed hopes and far-reaching disasters which the twentieth century has endured, capped by the production of weapons of gigantic force, has inevitably born fruit in a shattering doubt as to whether man is able to control his own fate.

It would be madness, of course, to deny the dangers which threaten society today. But to succumb to the belief that catastrophe is inevitable would be suicide. Caught on the horns of this dilemma there seems but one course to pursue—to keep individual life as normal as possible while strengthening mass determination to exert all its force for the preservation of civilization.

To keep individual life normal is not to hedge it round with protections against the anxieties and problems of the outside world. The existence that could ignore them would be abnormal, monstrous indeed. But it is to strive to keep alight the pursuits, the ideals, the collective endeavors which the long march of mankind from barbarism to civilization has so painfully evolved. It is to accept the obligations of citizenship along with the privileges of freedom and democracy, to foster good government, to further social welfare, to spread education, to cherish the arts. It is to build for a secure future which must be presupposed no matter what the clouds that obscure the present.

YET individual life has meaning only as part of the whole that is society. If to keep it normal is essential to the balance of a tottering world, to alert it to the necessity of mass responsibility is even more imperative. For only through the collective will of peoples will international disaster be averted. And if in this present of infinite perplexity and multitudinous complications the individual feels himself bewildered and impotent and must perforce rely on his leaders to shape action, yet it is upon him when multiplied into the mass that the choice of those leaders and the manner in which they represent him rests.

At this season, when local and Congressional elections are impending, it is well to remember that not only the fate of the nation but the fate of nations hangs upon the patience, the wisdom, and the understanding of those who hold the reins of office. And it is well to refuse to admit, along with the President, that "free men cannot operate as effectively on a constructive basis as they can when their sole purpose is the negative one of saving themselves from destruction." —A. L.

Sunset and Immortality

By George Abbe

CLOUD and branch bathed in that fire,
that lavender, that thin and crystal pink
of cold reflection welling from the brink
of outer mountains, where, past steel-blue snow,
past last desire,
the lava rock of sun rolls down to dark.
Not as the sun or the winter mountain will we die,
not as color washed over cloud and mute bough;
but noble and stark
as figures in white hoods,
with our breath rolling white under sky,
we will walk out of this world,
past the white and desolate landscape, beyond where the
steel plow
of mortal effort folds the curved snow high.
The cold of His resolve will be in us, the color of white truth
will sear from out of us what was uncouth,
will fork outward, cutting interstellar night.
In that motion, free-striding, upright,
we will not need the shadow of time,
the sunset's color or cry;
we shall be our own and His light.

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MATURE RECKONING

PLAUDITS TO KARL MENNINGER for his mature evaluation of Dr. Kinsey's latest opus [*SR* Sept. 26]. He has shown that neither of Kinsey's books should have been so widely distributed to a general public which is unable to evaluate adequately the information therein contained.

EDMUND A. CLAYPOOL.

Quenemo, Kan.

SHOCK

I AM SHOCKED by the irrelevant quality of Dr. Karl Menninger's review of the so-called Kinsey report on female sex behavior. How dull of Dr. Menninger to attack a scholar for failing to do what he never intended. Professor Kinsey's study is taxonomic, not psychological, and the Kinsey associates are explicit in defining the scope of their research. Taxonomy is admittedly important. Why pout because classification is not the whole of explanation? And why complain that a study of sexual outlet is not also a study of love? . . .

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

STAND-OUT

THE ESSAY-REVIEW by Dr. Karl Menninger on Professor Kinsey's book seemed to me the most interesting of the innumerable reviews I have read, deeply thoughtful and discriminating.

ANNE N. TAYLOR.

New York, N.Y.

SNIPER?

IT HAS SELDOM BEEN my experience to find in your columns such a grossly unfair and prejudiced review as that of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" by Dr. Karl Menninger. It evidences, more than anything else, an hysterical antipathy to rational and scientific investigation in a field which, to be sure, impinges on Dr. Menninger's own.

Dr. Menninger tells us that the Kinsey studies clearly demonstrate the existence of phenomena long familiar to psychiatrists. A profound statement, indeed. The *existence* of these phenomena has long been familiar to the man in the street. But if the importance and prevalence of these phenomena has been long familiar to psychiatrists they have certainly neglected to tell us. Dr. Menninger should recall that during World War II it was considered of some importance to exclude homosexuals from service in the Armed Forces, and that based on the rejection rate by the Selective Service boards, and later discharges for this reason from the Armed Services, the psychiatrists made an apparently sincere estimate of approximately 1 per cent incidence of this phenomenon in the general population. Yet Kinsey's figures come as no surprise to the psychiatrists!

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What's this supposed to be, Leonardo?"

It is apparent to anyone reading the published reports of the research that Kinsey and his associates have made an honest effort at an objective study. How well they have succeeded is a proper matter for evaluation in a critical review. Your reviewer, on the other hand, has limited himself to imputing motives and attitudes to the Kinsey group, which he then proceeds to snipe at. . ..

HARRY O. WHIPPLE.

Santa Fe, N. M.

TWO COMPATIBLE VIEWS

IT SEEMS TO ME that there is a compromise that could be reached between the Kinsey all-stops-out approach and the Menninger some-plugs-in approach to sexual behavior. Broadly speaking, Menninger decides for freedom from animal fact, sublimated or rationalized by moral inhibitions, while Kinsey decides for freedom from moral inhibitions, sublimated or rationalized by animal fact.

These two views of the individual's approach to human sexual behavior need not be incompatible. Religious and social codes, constituting our moral inhibitions, *must* be of prime consideration in the choice or selection of a sexual relationship. In determining what kind of a sexual relationship he will establish the morally adjusted person will demonstrate all the depth and wealth of human intellectual emotions, as distinct from the instinctive emotions. It is here that he will prove that love is a quality beyond and past the brutes.

Total outlet and animal naturalness should be of primary importance in the expression of a sexual relationship. For once the relationship is selected inhibitions happily lost provide for the deep and rich expression of instinctive human emotions. The inability to loose these instinctive feelings may contribute to sexually unsatisfied marriages. . . .

NINA FOSTER.

Port Washington, N.Y.

SPIRIT INSPIRED

ERNEST K. GANN composed a spiritual on Charles A. Lindbergh and his book "The Spirit of St. Louis" [*SR* Sept. 8]. With unrestrained eloquence he paid a glowing and well-deserved tribute to a great airman and a still greater personality.

Mr. Gann's every word rang with a sincerity that comes of deep faith and deeper understanding, and his flow of language, pulsating with a rhythm like flight itself, was music to my ears. I never knew the dangers of spanning an ocean in the early days of flying, nor did I taste of the horrors of war; but I know of winged flight, in a dimension where time ceases and space begins.

I, for one commonplace person, owe a debt of gratitude to Charles A. Lindbergh, whose early exploits inspired me and untold numbers of others like me to sprout wings and to become as kindred with the winged creatures of the air; and above all to know a "love story" by living it.

NATHAN KRASNOFF.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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Vermont the Nonconformed

By BURGES JOHNSON

A FEW years ago I addressed a Chamber of Commerce in a Texas city, and the tall Texan who introduced my diminutive self referred to me as from a state which could be put into a corner of any Texas county and there would still be a lot of land left over.

This remark so stunned me that I was tempted to be more outspoken than prudence decreed. I hastened to assure my listeners that if ever they succeeded in putting Vermont into a corner of one of their counties the improvement would immediately be felt throughout the entire state; and as for left-over land in that particular county, obviously all the rest of Texas was composed of land which had been left over. I also brought the news to them that Vermont, too, had been an independent republic before entering the Union, but that Texas entered against the bitter opposition of many of the states, whereas the Green Mountain Republic came in as a gift from God. I hoped that I might leave the great state of Texas somewhat the better for my remarks, but I can't see any change has resulted.

Unquestionably Vermont is "different." Only two states in the Union are smaller than Vermont, and in tillable land she is smallest, because two thirds of her acreage is forested and stands up on end. Yet she balances her budget, and is pernickety about accepting gratuities from Washington such as scenic highways or national forests. Tourists might be a much greater source of wealth, but while she believes in making them comfortable she has never catered to them by the erection of great hotels. In Vermont a man's home is very much his castle and a newcomer should stay in it until he has been looked over, say for ten or a dozen years.

Dyed-in-the-wool Vermonters are easily recognizable after a brief scrutiny and the exchange of only a few opinions. This does not apply to summer residents or imported hermits who have come to write books. There is a Vermont saying that if a cat has kittens in the oven we do not necessarily call them biscuit.

Why is it that Vermonters are the way they are? Geographically the little state lies between two foreign countries, one to the north and one to the south; and on its western border is an ancient enemy, with whom she was once at war. Only toward the east can she gaze with placidity, for New Hampshire is a twin of Vermont turned upside down. And Vermont recalls with some satisfaction that when she entered the Union as a state several New Hampshire counties tried to annex themselves to her.

I mentioned a foreign land to the south. Too few historians have noted that when there was talk of annexing Texas the Massachusetts General Court was violently opposed, and unanimously passed a resolution that "if and when the national Congress sees fit to admit Texas to the Union, from that day Massachusetts secedes and becomes an independent republic." That resolution was never repealed; so for more than a century Massachusetts has been outside the Union and does not seem to know it.

A GREAT many of the earliest settlers in Vermont's green valleys came away from Massachusetts and Connecticut, according to their own testimony, to escape from long sermons. They were God-fearing folk, well brought up in Christian homes, but they promptly built schoolhouses rather than churches. The first missionary movement in this country occurred just before the War for Independence when certain Godly folk in Connecticut raised money to send missionaries to Vermont. Some cynic in that day remarked that they were not as much concerned about saving the Vermonters from perdition as from the Methodists who threatened to get there first.

Numbers of decent folk, too liberal-minded to accept the Calvinism of their day but neither godless nor lawless, left their towns on the coast of New England and pushed west and north into the wilderness. After them went many of the lawless, embittered by the vicious penalties of colonial courts for petty crimes and misdemeanors, and made solitary homes for themselves, trafficked with the Indians, and took a squaw to wife.

The Vermont of the future was building its own new race of men, a mixture inheriting the obstinacy of the good man who would not conform and the tough fiber of the outlaw who would not be confined. The outlaw found something beside lawlessness to demand all of his fighting powers—the taming of the wilderness around him. The settler of true Puritan background found exercise for the best qualities he brought with him, tolerance toward his fellow settlers, perseverance toward his ambitions, and some thirst for further adventure.

You may smile when I speak of tolerance in connection with those earliest Pilgrim and Puritan fathers; but they were, in fact, one of the most tolerant groups of their time. True, they executed several witches; but they were rid of that horrible delusion many years before all the rest of the civilized world threw it off, and the leaders of witch persecution made public confession of their error. Twenty witches were put to death in

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Salem, all in one shameful year; but thirty thousand were put to death in the England they had just left, five of them nearly one hundred years after Salem had begged God's forgiveness. True, they hanged four Quakers; though not because of their creed, but because they had attempted to destroy that little experiment in self-government by inciting to violence. They were twice banished and returned a third time though they had been solemnly warned. The Pilgrim Fathers appointed a man reared as a Catholic to be their military leader, and the second generation in Plymouth appointed a Jesuit-trained French Catholic to be their town physician and did not disturb the little chapel in his house.

So a germ of real tolerance came to Vermont along with the most adventuresome of the first settlers, and throve there. Vermont has never been troubled by any such social ill as anti-Semitism or a color line. Escaped slaves who slipped into the area by way of the underground railroad settled down here and there and presented no social problem. Any readers as old as I who were children in Rutland will remember Cato, born in slavery, who was handyman to families along Main Street. My father enjoyed recalling the time he found a group of children in front of our house surrounding old Cato, who was starting their spruce gum for each one of them in turn. I am sure there were Jewish people in the Vermont of my youth, but no one ever thought about it. They were just other Vermonters. Men and women are not easily intolerant of one another if common necessities make each the ready helper of his neighbor when a field is to be cleared or a home to be built or a child about to be born.

BUT this is not a eulogy of my own people. They had their weaknesses in the early days, and may have transmitted them in some degree to later generations. Because a fair percentage of them came north to escape long sermons and the dominance of Calvinistic parsons, their sudden release had sudden reactions. There was much hard drinking among them and they were notably profane in speech. What even a church deacon might say to his plow-horse or his yoke of oxen when out of his wife's hearing is something I should neither cuss nor discuss here. He had learned all the words during the period of his Massachusetts church-going, and he used them in riotous profusion. He made his own hard liquor out of apple juice and laid no tax upon it.

He also added much to the bootleg profanity of his day; ejaculations which came as close as possible to sacred terms without actually invoking divine wrath. Gol Bing it, Goshamighty, Dod gast it, Gosh ding it to blazes, Gee Rod, Holy Jumping Jehoshefat—these are a small sampling of a vast vocabulary.

Having been unchurched for a time, the earliest Vermonters were ripe for the coming of evangelists, who came eventually in great numbers to pluck the ripened fruit. They preached powerful sermons in the open air, warning their hearers not only against the wiles of the devil but against the errors of all rival sects. Young men who were converted in an ecstasy of fervor by a visiting circuit rider were told the next week by another that they had taken the wrong path toward Heaven. The result was a harvest of upset ideas and tangled emotions. Many young zealots went out into the world from Vermont preaching strange new gospels, from forerunners of Christ to Mormonism.

The evangelizing campaigns of Lorenzo Dow swept like a forest fire through the Green Mountains. No denomination dared at first to ordain him. My grandfather was named after him, as were many other lads in that generation. Tall tales are told to prove his strange mixture of religious zeal, charlatanry, and common sense. On one occasion when a great outdoor audience had assembled and he was about to open the meeting, he was asked to warn his hearers that there was a thief among them and they would please see that their hats and coats and any other valuables were not too widely scattered. Dow picked up a large stone and took it with him into the pulpit. As soon as he had their attention he announced that the

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devil had placed a thief among them, but that he himself with God's help would reveal the culprit and bring him to the mourner's bench. He thereupon stooped and picked up the large stone, and swung his arm back as though to throw it. One man in the audience ducked his head, and the thief was apprehended.

Many of New England's first settlers who had faced the great adventure of crossing an unknown ocean gained a taste for further adventure; and most of those who were adventurous enough to push on into Vermont developed a severe case of *wanderlust*. Early Vermonters wandered everywhere, some to return but more to build new communities further on. What our West owes to Vermont alone can never be computed. I have just been looking into the records of the hamlet of Greenbush, which is not now marked on any maps. My great-grandfather lies buried there along with other soldiers of the Revolution and the War of 1812 and the Civil War, in a little roadside cemetery overgrown with weeds, on the highroad between Springfield and Woodstock. Most Vermonters today would not know where Greenbush was, though once it had a church and schoolhouses and a factory, and a laboratory whose owner was busy inventing a perpetual-motion machine. But towns in at least two Western states were founded by its citizens and bear its name.

A few years ago I made inquiry as to what had become of the children I played with in Rutland as a little boy. I checked up on twelve of them, and found that only two of the twelve had remained in the home town. One built the first guest house for tourists beside the Grand Canyon; another became Secretary of the State of Arizona; another built the National Railroad of Bolivia, from the coast up the Andes to La Paz; another became advertising manager of the *Chicago Tribune*, started the first "tabloid" newspaper, then returned to Vermont to buy his hometown newspaper and breed horses; another opened up mines in Mexico; one of the girls made a home for herself in Cairo, Egypt; another went on the stage and became one of Sir Henry Irving's leading ladies; her sister married Anthony Hope, the British novelist; and two others I saw in France during World War I; they had gone from their New York studio to sing to the troops at the front. These were a fair sampling; and the children in the Rutland of that day were no different from other Vermont children in other towns.

HOW did Vermonters get the way they are? What way are they? I shall tell you a secret about them which I would not dream of telling to anyone outside this intimate circle of readers. I have heard the Vermont town meeting and Vermont itself referred to as examples of the purest democracy extant today. But Vermont is not a democracy; it is not a theocracy or a bureaucracy or an autocracy, Heaven knows. It isn't a limited monarchy or a republic. It is just a lot of lovable but pigheaded individuals divided up into townships widely scattered on mountainsides and in the valleys who will not let even their chosen officials command them or their chosen leaders lead them. Other New England states have had political bosses, but never Vermont. Each separate family governs itself—if it can. They do not attend their own town meetings unless they happen to feel like it. They do not make social calls on one another, though they will respond instantly to any calls for aid or comfort.

The fact that on many maps in school geographies Vermont is printed in light pink, Massachusetts in yellow, and Texas in a nondescript shade of brown would seem to have no deep significance. Nor is there scientific evidence to prove that geographical lines have a subtle effect upon the segments of human society which they define. If they do men who thoughtlessly straddle state boundaries for any length of time might require the services of a psychiatrist.

Yet we are presently being told again and again in books and magazine articles that by the simple act of stepping across the boundaries of the state of Vermont we find ourselves at once in a social atmosphere notably different from whatever we had just left, and among a people who are *sui generis*, if I may make so bold as to call them names in Latin.

It is true that the people in any of our states, except where there happens to be too large a percentage of migrant workers, are likely to have some common characteristic traceable to historic causes; some vernacular constantly reinforcing itself by contagion; some details of behavior unconsciously shared among themselves. But much more than that is claimed for Vermont, especially by those outlanders who have suddenly discovered it. Records of their discoveries have broken out like a rash upon the face of current literature. Such rashes are common phenomena, like the outbreak of medical novels a short time ago, but happily unlike the permanent freckles of mystery tales.

And these discoveries may be right. I speak with caution, but also I have seen a dozen of them in a small village responding on short notice and working most of the night, turn and turn about, mixing and pouring cement for a neighbor's cellar floor. They levy a poll tax and imprison for debt because their great-grandfathers did so. They are enthusiastic hunters and fishermen and proud of their trout streams; but they will not pass any law forbidding a householder to pollute a stream if he has been in the habit of polluting it for a number of years, or if his forebears polluted it before him.

They would be hopelessly quarrelsome among themselves if it were not for their sense of humor. That is a bond stronger among them than their state constitution. Only a Vermont native could remark, with no profanity in his heart, as he watches a heavy-set neighbor coming toward him down hill at a jog-trot, "Here comes Hank Perkins; too goddam lazy to hold back."

This Foothold of Unreason

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

IF by some strange compulsion not of will
One should ignore the future and refuse
To conjure up its chasms, keeping still
Substantial what remembrance cannot lose,
Such strategy may be the only way
Some can traverse the ever-widening crack
That separates tomorrow from today,
Looking not forward, looking safely back.

This foothold of unreason is a kind
Of courage drawn from hurt whose bearing makes
The farther-seeing eye in mercy blind.
Up to the crumbling edge, until it breaks,
I shall walk surely where you cannot go,
My darkness brighter than the world you know.

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Seeing Things

MORLEY'S GHOST

AMERICANS who have been to London during the past three years have disagreed about many things they have seen there but not about "The Little Hut."* They have been as unanimous in their praise of its excellences as in their enjoyment of its audacities. The mere mention of Robert Morley's performance of the shipwrecked husband who shares his wife with his best friend has brought superlatives to their lips; the mere recollection of the farce-comedy's amoralities has brought a gleam to their eyes.

Their enthusiasm for what they have relished in London has been dampened by one consideration. They have wondered if New Yorkers in their innocence would be able to accept, without blushes, shrieks of outrage, the protests of clergymen, or police action, an entertainment which Old Worldlings in London (and Americans turned into sophisticates by being there) have taken in their stride.

How New York would have responded to "The Little Hut" had it been privileged to see it as it was produced in England will never be known. My jingoistic conviction is that we who live by the Hudson would have taken it with the same equanimity with which it was received by those who live (or visit) by the Thames. Plainly what has crossed the Atlantic is not what London doted on. It is not necessary to talk to those who saw "The Little Hut" as it once was to realize how different it now is. In scene after scene which falls flat here it is possible to guess how heliumed with gaiety that same scene must have been when acted by Joan Tetzel and, above all, Mr. Morley.

The play Nancy Mitford has adapted from the French of André Roussin can never have had much to offer as a reading script. Its lack of literary quality, however, is entirely beside the point. It is a theatre piece, simple if not pure. Its life depends upon the lightness and invention of its performance. Its actors and its director give it its style and are the underwriters of its pleasures. If it hammers away at one joke with the relentlessness of a woodpecker tapping a tree, the singleness of that joke and even the monotony of the attack would not matter if only the performance were inspired. An inspired performance could easily give it the illusion of variety.

Everyone who follows the stage must by now know that the plot of "The Little Hut" is not the stuff of which commencement addresses or sermons are made. As a picture of life among the shipwrecked on a desert island it is scarcely in the tradition of "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Admirable Crichton." It is doubtful if Margaret Mead has met its like as a case history of polyandry, and certain that no Restoration dramatist was ever bolder in dealing with cuckoldry. Yet, as an unorthodox example of communal sharing, it is so jubilantly topsy-turvy in its values that no one could take offense at it if it were acted in the spirit of its writing. The offensive feature of the New York production is not the play's daring but the performance's dulness. A Roman candle in London has turned up in New York as a damp firecracker.

Outwardly the local production is promising. Oliver Messel's tropical setting is both original and colorful, and the substitutes Mr. Messel has invented for the gadgets of civilized living are highly diverting. But in the case of such a mischievous script as "The Little Hut" it is not enough to have the eyes intrigued. The mind must also be amused. To be sure, there are funny lines scattered here and there, and moments which are very funny. Far more numerous than these, however, are the moments which must have been funny in London but here are not funny at all.

I SUSPECT that Peter Brook's direction is responsible for much of this. Friends and colleagues who saw "The Little Hut" abroad tell me that in restaging it for New York Mr. Brook omitted many of the subtleties which made it irresistible in England, almost as if he feared Americans would not understand them. Europeans are apt to be victims of the notion that our gods are energy, noise, rush, and vitamins. On the evidence of his direction of the New York production of "The Little Hut" it would seem Mr. Brook suffers from this misconception. Certainly he has directed his Manhattan company so that his actors overplay, strike one strident note, and rob the script of its nuances.

The result is that "The Little Hut" comes through with its one joke bludgeoned for three acts until it has

Colin Gordon and Roland Culver (right) are fascinated by the fauna of their new home.

* THE LITTLE HUT, by André Roussin, adapted from the French by Nancy Mitford. Directed by Peter Brook. Setting by Oliver Messel. Presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. With Anne Vernon, Roland Culver, Colin Gordon, John Granger, and Ray Gil. At the Coronet Theatre, New York City. Opened October 7, 1953.

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long since lost its effectiveness. The whole performance has about it the obviousness of stock-company work. It is lusterless where it should be brilliant, heavy where it should be light, and unsatisfactory because it is never anything but competent in a routine way.

Though Anne Vernon as the wife is much better than Colin Gordon as the lover, both of them play entirely upon the surface. They have little or no sparkle and certainly no real style. At times a winning humor shines through Roland Culver's acting of the wonderfully complacent and thick-headed husband. Yet, even when he is at his best, Mr. Culver is always at a disadvantage. At every turn he is haunted by Robert Morley. Mr. Morley does not have to be present to make himself heard and felt. Anyone who has ever seen him is bound to imagine how he must have read this or that line, or played this or that scene. It is he who *in absentia* steals the show. Without him it is not much of a show to steal.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

OPENINGS COMING UP: A mystery play from England by Janet Green. Entitled **"Gently Does It,"** the story has to do with a pathological murderer (Oct. 28 at the Playhouse) . . . F. Hugh Herbert's new comedy of a teen-age girl and her mother, **"A Girl Can Tell."** Janet Blair plays the lead (Oct. 29 at the Royale) . . . Lillian Gish in **"The Trip to Bountiful,"** Horton Foote's play about an elderly lady living with her son and his difficult wife who makes a pathetic trip back to the family homestead. With Jo Van Fleet and John Beal (Nov. 3 at the Henry Miller) . . . **"Sherlock Holmes,"** a new adaptation by Ouida Rathbone. With Basil Rathbone, Jack Raines, Jarmila Novotna, and Thomas Gomez (Nov. 3 at the Century) . . . Mary Martin, Charles Boyer, and Dorothy Stickney in **"Kind Sir,"** Norman Krasna's comedy about an actress and a State Department official. With Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. Joshua Logan directs (Nov. 4 at the Alvin) . . . **"The Solid Gold Cadillac,"** a play by Howard Teichmann and George S. Kaufman concerning a small investor in a large industrial company. It features Josephine Hull and Loring Smith (Nov. 5 at the Belasco) . . . Margaret Sullavan in **"Sabrina Fair,"** Samuel Taylor's story of an American girl who finds it difficult to readjust after three years of working in Paris. With Joseph Cotten, John Cromwell, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins (Nov. 11 at the National).

—HENRY HEWES.

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Bookmarks

IN A paper delivered before a conference of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago some months ago Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., quoted a letter which Herbert Baxter Adams of Johns Hopkins, founder of the American Historical Association, once received from a member of Congress:

> Please give me below every historical illustration you can recall of the cheaper money, iron, copper, silver, paper, shells, etc., driving the dearer out. Begin with the Grecian iron money, or earlier, and, if possible, omit no historical proof of this kind in any country or in any age, winding up with the Argentine Republic, Mexico, and all others in that condition today. . . . Kindly give name of history opposite each in which I shall find such account.

How much time did he allow—twenty minutes?

* * *

This week's special hate: Public library clients who consult the card-index *in situ,* thereby blocking off the entire K-to-Q section.

* * *

Not long since two real books about make-believe books appeared at almost the same moment, thoroughly independent the one of the other, and two thousand miles apart. One was John Webster Spargo's "Imaginary Books and Libraries," issued by the Caxton Club of Chicago (a company of gentlemen who take their books as seriously as they do their Christmas punch, and do a handsome job in each department). The other was "Catalogue of Choice Books Found by Pantagruel in the Abbey of St. Victor," as devised by François Rabelais, translated by Walter Klinefelter, and printed by the Grabhorn Press for William P. Wreden of Burlingame, California, an alert and personable bookseller who occasionally turns publisher (which booksellers began as anyway). The basis of the fake book-title is the pun; Rabelais, to this end, used both French and Latin, singly or in tandem, though many of his allusions are pure Choctaw today (nothing vanishes quite so utterly as last year's jokes—remember Little Audrey?). Mr. Spargo, too, has something to say about Rabelais, and then moves on to consider, in spirited reporting, other French plus German, Italian, English, and American title playboys. One can readily picture the high fun Thomas Hood had in naming dummy books for the Duke of Devonshire (his grace wanted to blot out a door he didn't like): "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "Johnson's Contradictionary," "The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron."

* * *

In his shudderful "The Captive Mind" Czeslaw Milosz cites a Polish poet who was absorbed into "the New Faith" and received, as a reward, a commission to translate "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is conceivable that his pen must have wiggled slightly when he came to one of Bottom's speeches:

> That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant.

* * *

A fountain pen's sponsors announce that it can write "up to 70,000 words without refilling." What words—a, or antidisestablishmentarianism?

—J. T. W.

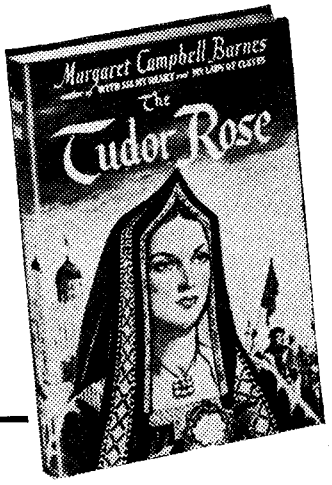
FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 540

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 540 will be found in the next issue.

"HR PUU RPEUXJCK, LH RPEU EG P MELLEAEKV EK LDC MHJKL."—MPULCJ UPGBHJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 539

We all like people who do things, even if we only see their faces on a cigar-box lid.—Willa Cather



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Beginnings of an Innovator

"The Life and Works of Sigmund Freud: Volume One," by Ernest Jones, M. D. *(Basic Books. 428 pp. $6.75), covers the formative years and the great discoveries of the pioneer psychoanalyst. It is reviewed here by Dr. Bertram D. Lewin, New York psychiatrist and former president of the American Psychoanalytic Association.*

By Bertram D. Lewin, M.D.

THE first volume of Ernest Jones's projected three-volume biography of Sigmund Freud, just published, is an important and illuminating work. Covering forty-four years of Freud's life, from birth to the publication of "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1856-1900), it is accurately subtitled "The Formative Years," for these were the years of his childhood and of his development as a man and a scientist. It is the magnificent result of what Dr. Jones calls "a dauntingly stupendous task." Stupendous it certainly was, for the author had at his disposal not only Freud's published works, which contain so much biography, overtly or implicitly, but also some 2,500 letters, including 1,500 written by Freud to his future wife during their four years of engagement. In addition, there were a vast number of miscellaneous letters, official papers, and the published and unpublished letters which Freud wrote to his intimate friend, Wilhelm Fliess, between 1887 and 1902.

If Ernest Jones found the task stupendous there are no signs of his having been daunted. Freud is most fortunate in his biographer. Dr. Jones was a close student, colleague, and friend for some forty years, and for many of them the president of the International Psychoanalytical Association. A frequent visitor at Freud's home, he says and proves in the writing that he was free of immature hero-worship. His range of interests permitted him a broad understanding, and he possesses besides an impeccable standard of scholarship and a rare gift of literary organization and exposition. His prefatory apologia for making public, so soon after Freud's death, much that Freud would have wished to remain private strikes the reviewer as completely sound. Ernest Jones is obviously factual in stating that postponement would have left a vacuum, to be filled by curious legends already in the process of invention. Some legends in the field are simple scurrilous attacks, while others have been published under such titles as "The Apotheosis of Sigmund Freud" and even "Freud the God." Ernest Jones speaks to his serious and real contemporaries and not to a putatively wiser posterity. The reviewer also agrees with the author that his British nationality offers an advantage. Besides that which comes from accidental circumstances, there is the general implication of the Boswell rather than the Eckermann tradition. For this is not a popular biography but "an endeavor to present as truthful an account of Freud's life as is in my power."

THE reviewer finds his task a bit stupendous, too, for he has learnt much from this book. It and Freud's life demand not just one general review but many special ones too, for psychoanalysts, medical historians, neurologists, and many others may profit from chapters which have the quality of comprehensive monographs. Yet there is an impressive overall picture of the man and his work and of their reciprocal relationship, which is gradually developed or skilfully built up (it is hard to say which) through myriads of significant details.

We are told of Freud's origin in a middle-class Austrian Jewish family and given interesting insights into this milieu. The facts of his infancy are complemented, since Freud has recounted them, by a description of his fantasies of that period, certainly a unique biographical contribution. We are also given what is known as his boyhood and adolescence, of schooldays and friends, and of his studies. Finally we find him a young man of firm character, who as a young doctor is possessed by an as-

—From "The Life and Works of Sigmund Freud."

Freud at six, with father; at sixteen, with mother; with fiancée, Martha Bernays, 1885—"a great theory, a method that can be taught."

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cetic passion for scientific research and an avidity for study in a wide range, happy in his pursuits, very little aware of himself or of the motives behind his drive for knowledge, which he was later to call a sublimation. His qualities—high intelligence, skill, and eagerness to work hard—were quickly recognized and opportunities made for him. He was a promising and brilliant young man, but his genius was certainly not superficially evident.

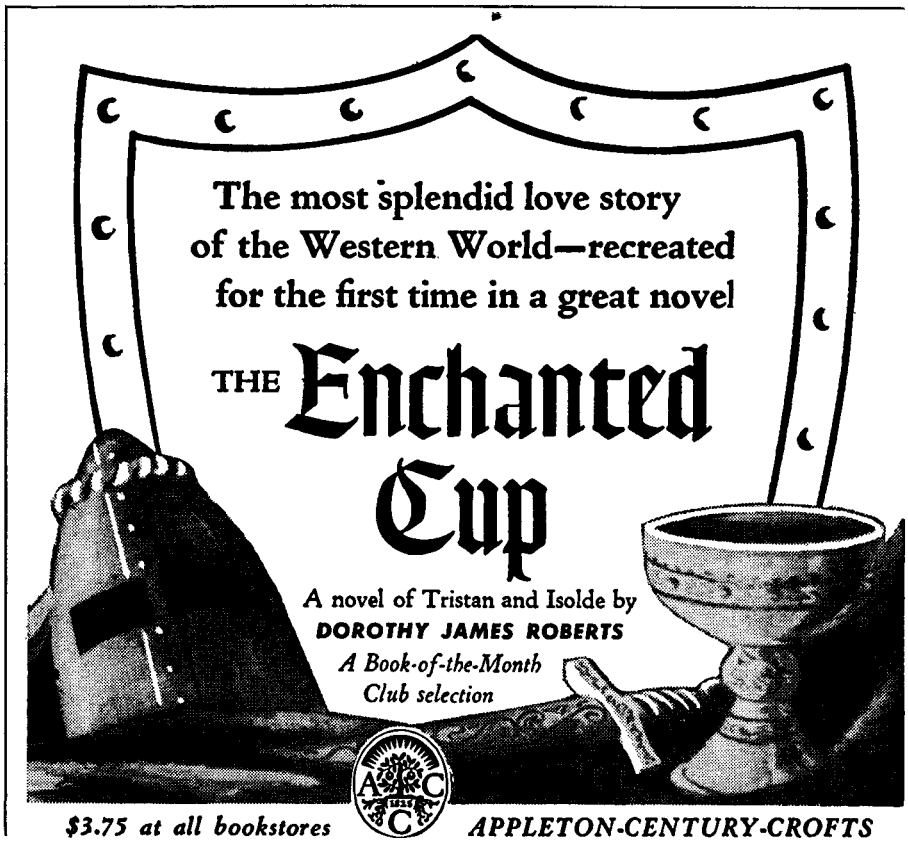
THE years of his early manhood, spent in Brücke's physiological laboratory, Freud several times called the most carefree and easy of his life. He gave as his reason for leaving and setting himself up in practice the fact that he was poor and needed to think of earning a living, but this statement is conditioned by reticence. It is now known that this is a half-statement, and that he had to think about earning because he had fallen head over heels in love with Martha Bernays, and that it was morally impossible for him to marry before he could support a wife and family.

Their four-year engagement was a critical period in his life and in his work. It is documented by the 1,500 letters written to his fiancée, which were given to Ernest Jones and read by him alone of all living persons. Of them Ernest Jones writes: "Quite apart from the special interest attaching to Freud's personality, the set of letters would be a not unworthy contribution to the great love literature of the world. The style is at times reminiscent of Goethe, but the delicacy of feeling, the exquisite tenderness, the precision of phrasing, the range of vocabulary, the wealth of allusion, and, above all, the distinction, the profundity and nobility of thought they display, are Freud's own." It is an intrinsically interesting love story and a revealing one as it touches Freud's private life, but in the context of the book the main interest of the story derives from its relevance to the psychological problem of Freud as a man who made great psychological discoveries. Through conflict and experience Freud learned much about himself that he had not suspected, and, fortunately, the engagement led to a successful marriage.

Though he has said that he lacked any interest in curing, as a doctor Freud was skilful, conscientious, and practical. He soon developed into a very competent neurologist, became known for his work on aphasia and a recognized authority in the field of certain paralyses of childhood. He has told how he became interested in the treatment of the neuroses and that he learned from Josef Breuer and Charcot psychological methods of treatment (catharsis and hypnosis), and how from these he evolved the psychoanalytic method, but again he told the story only in part. Here Ernest Jones supplies a masterly and comprehensive statement of the transition from the early methods, pointing out where and how Freud learned from his patients. But, more important, we are presented with the exciting story of Freud's attainment of personal maturity and of his solution of the "riddle of the Sphinx."

Between 1887 and 1902 Freud engaged in a long and animated correspondence with his most intimate friend, Wilhelm Fliess of Berlin. Some of the letters were published in German in 1950, and an English translation is about to appear. Ernest Jones also had access to the unpublished part of the correspondence. In the letters to Fliess, Freud without reserve tells his friend of new facts and new ideas as they came to him. He records his struggle with the problem of the neuroses, gives him shorter and longer drafts of articles, sketches, and tentative expositions, many of which were in the end found unsatisfactory. The letters also contain frank statements of Freud's personal reactions and details of his self-analysis, which he undertook partly to increase his knowledge, partly in an attempt to relieve himself of certain unpleasant anxiety symptoms which he was then experiencing. He and the science benefited, personal and scientific problems yielded to the method. In dealing with this period and the letters Ernest Jones acknowledges the lightening of his task by the excellent editing that went into the German publication, "Aus der Anfängen der Psychoanalyse" (edited by Marie Bonaparte, Anna Freud, and Ernst Kris), and by the scholarly interpretative introductory essay written by Dr. Kris.

FREUD'S scientific and personal development as shown in the letters signified in the first place a shedding —a shedding of dependence on his earlier masters and a discrimination in what he could use of their teaching. There was a shedding, too, of many old psychological burdens that had been his since infancy, and there was an unprecedented gain in the depth of insight into himself and his patients. He discovered the meaning of dreams and the meaning of neurotic symptoms. He discovered the existence of infantile sexuality and the oedipus complex and their far-flung consequences, and he observed the liberating effect of self-knowledge. In retrospect it is evident that he had cast his friend in the role of an imaginary psychoanalyst. Thirty-one years later Freud was to say of "The Interpretation of Dreams," which marked the end of this period, "It contains, even according to my present-day judgment, the most valuable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ot all the discoveries it has been my good fortune to make."

It is regrettable that more details of Freud's early deeds and relationships cannot be presented in this review, for many omitted here are most worthy of full perusal. We must also wait to learn how Ernest Jones in the volumes to come will connect the events of the formative years to the later great ideas and accomplishments of Freud. Many ascetic young men suffer when love and the problems of full adulthood come their way, and that a young Viennese neurologist, ambitious and highly gifted, turned up some bright ideas and settled some of his personal problems is usually not of world importance. But this turning up and settling of Freud's was cast in the form of a great theory and a method that can be taught. His personal problems were in fact universal problems, as civilization and man's instincts and their fate are universal experiences. Freud, like Gotama, discovered much about them and opened one path towards their solution.

However presently imperfect, psychoanalysis since this has a record of achievement. It is still flexible, a growing science, and, to use a fashionable term, operationally equipped. Many have proposed answers to solve the conflicts in man's nature. It was Freud's great capacity to bear the truth (*ein Stück Wahrheit zu ertragen*), about himself and about the world and to reject any shallow solution.

The Criminal and the Physician

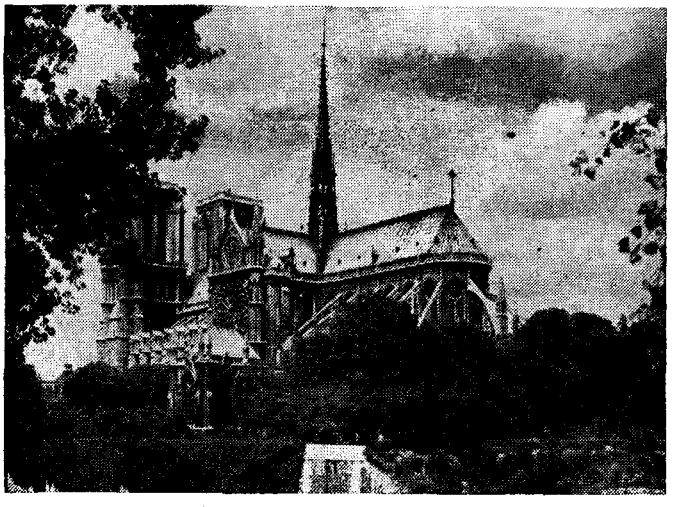
"Psychological Disorder and Crime," by W. Lindsey Neustatter, M. D. *(British Book Centre. 248 pp. $4.75), and* ***"The Psychiatrist and the Law," by Winfred Overholser, M. D.*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 134 pp. $3.50), are two discussions of the interrelations of psychological disorders and the legal system, the first by a British psychiatrist, the second by an American psychiatrist. Dr. Lauretta Bender, our reviewer, is professor of clinical psychiatry at the New York University College of Medicine.*

By Lauretta Bender, M. D.

CRIMINAL and legal psychiatry in America and England have a common background, not only in language and cultural basis, but also in legal procedure and in psychiatric theories and practices. Many of the present generation of English psychiatrists have had some psychiatric training in this country. Both Britain and America have similarly benefited by harboring and absorbing displaced European psychiatrists, especially psychoanalysts. England got Sigmund Freud in his last years, as well as his daughter Anna, in this way. It is interesting, therefore, to compare two recent books, one written by an English psychiatrist, the other by an American, on legal procedure as it affects the criminal, delinquent, and mentally ill individual.

"Psychological Disorders and Crime" was written by an English psychiatrist, Dr. W. Lindsey Neustatter, for those professionals who deal with the criminal—lawyers, magistrates, probation officers, and social workers. It summarizes the whole field of psychiatry in its relation to criminal and delinquent behavior. The style is facile, almost light, and sometimes startling, at least to an American psychiatrist, since it so often negates swift, clear exposition of a psychiatric subject by such a flippant anecdote (British in flavor, of course) as to raise doubts as to the author's positive relation to the profession he practises.

Thus, after a neat description of the psychoneuroses, and while discussing their treatment, Dr. Neustatter says that hysterics by the very nature of their make-up (meaning what?) welcome a firm hand and so their psy-



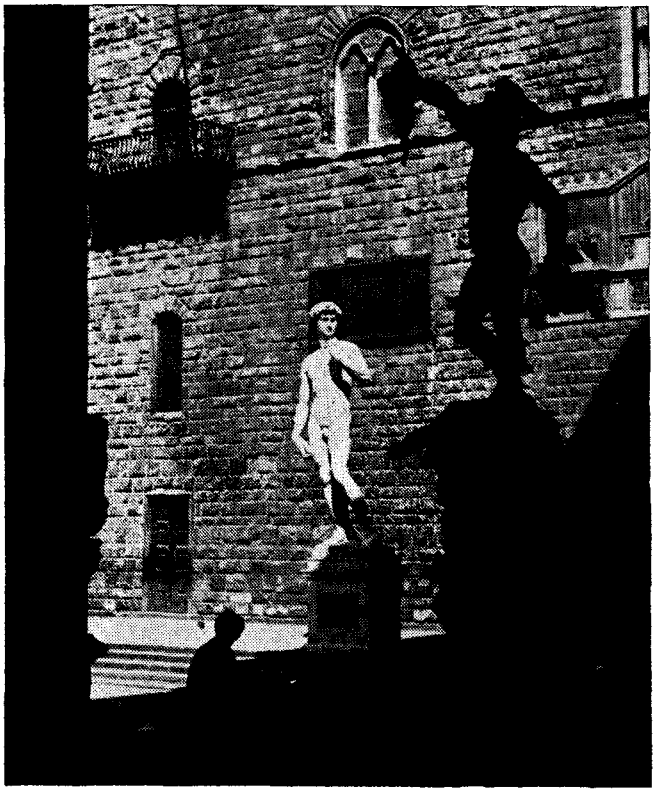


PHOTO CONTEST. Classic scenes viewed freshly through a traveler's camera are featured this week from among the entries submitted for *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photographic Awards. Above is a shot of Notre Dame in Paris, taken from a different angle by Richard G. Zimmerman of New York City with a Linhof Super Technika. On the right is a picture of a scene in Florence, Italy, which L.C. Holden of Virginia Beach, Va., caught with a Leica IIIC. Both these pictures have been entered for one of the twenty-six prizes, including a Grand Prize of a trip around the world via Pan American World Airways. Deadline for entries: November 1, 1953. Send your pictures and inquiries to Photo Contest, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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chology can best be summarized by a verse from "Lilliput":

You would go to a Psychiatrist.
Your little Psyches queer.
I think what you require is
A good Psmackbottomist, my dear.

Again, in discussing psychotherapy for the criminal he finds no evidence of its efficacy and wonders a little cynically if the true formula for therapeutic success is not another instance of "did nothing in particular but did it very well."

A seductive argument is offered against speculative, theoretical knowledge of mental mechanisms since judges are said not to be interested in them but want instead what is practical and useful. Successful psychiatric understanding and management of the delinquent is held to be dependent upon "natural insight and imagination." Dr. Neustatter's book is written against the background of his own natural bents and his experience with individual criminals and military psychiatric practice and journalistic lore of well-publicized criminal cases. There is little in the way of follow-up evaluation of outcomes, but often a genial hope is expressed that individuals will turn out all right or come to their deserved fate.

Still the medical data, when presented, is excellent. There are ten pages on the electroencephalogram, or brain waves, and what they tell us about epilepsy and the relation of epilepsy to crime. But at best there is only an apologetic or deprecatory consideration of the conscious or unconscious motivations of delinquent and criminal behavior, even in the aggressive and sexual areas. The observations that delinquency in children could be related to early deprivation of affection by separation from the mother published two years ago by Dr. John Bowlby of the Tavistock Clinic in London and the World Health Organization comes in for a passing mention.

The second book is by Dr. Winfred Overholser, superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C. He was given the Isaac Ray Award by the American Psychiatric Association for "the most worthy contribution to the improvement of the relation of law and psychiatry" for "The Psychiatrist and the Law," consisting of four lectures delivered before the Harvard Medical and Law Schools. Here are brought together data from law and psychiatry which concern those interested in the joint medical and legal practices referrable to the patient with a psychiatric problem. Dr. Overholser develops his thesis historically, with a clear, long range as it relates to the modern situation.

The first lecture is a beautifully delineated history of psychiatry to its present position or a presentation of the development of "the psychiatric viewpoint with relation to human behavior." It is aptly described on the paper jacket as "a brilliantly compact summary of the history and present position of psychiatry."

The second lecture, entitled "Some Differences of Viewpoint," is an historical review of legal practices as related to or at variance with psychiatric knowledge and practices. It weaves the intricate pattern in which judicial decisions come close to and move away (or vice versa) from psychiatric practices. Thus, for example, it deals with a concept of monomania, which

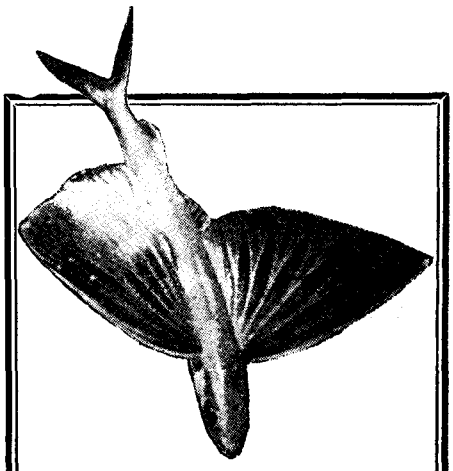
(*Continued on page* 38)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
NO VACATION FOR MAIGRET *Georges Simenon* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Famed Paris cop, holidaying on sands, hits murder case head on; locals welcome *expertise.*	Physicians, nuns, bridge players, fishwives, combine to produce nice show.	Easy to take
FLOWERS FOR THE JUDGE *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.50)	London publishing house (!) involved in murder scandal; suave Albert Campion inquires (or enquires).	Seventeen-year-old yarn (CC Classic) still absorbing for headier intellects.	Worth rereading (or reading)
HOLMES AND WATSON *S. C. Roberts* (Oxford: $3)	Essays and a pair of pastiches by a ranking Sherlockian authority.	Profiles of Great Man and Dr. Watson occupy most of pleasant text.	Compulsory for devotees
SO COLD, MY BED *Sam S. Taylor* (Dutton: $2.50)	LA Pvt. Eye Neal Cotten finds gals all over, including coffin.	Traces of corn, but pace is lively, writing punchy.	Give this a plus mark

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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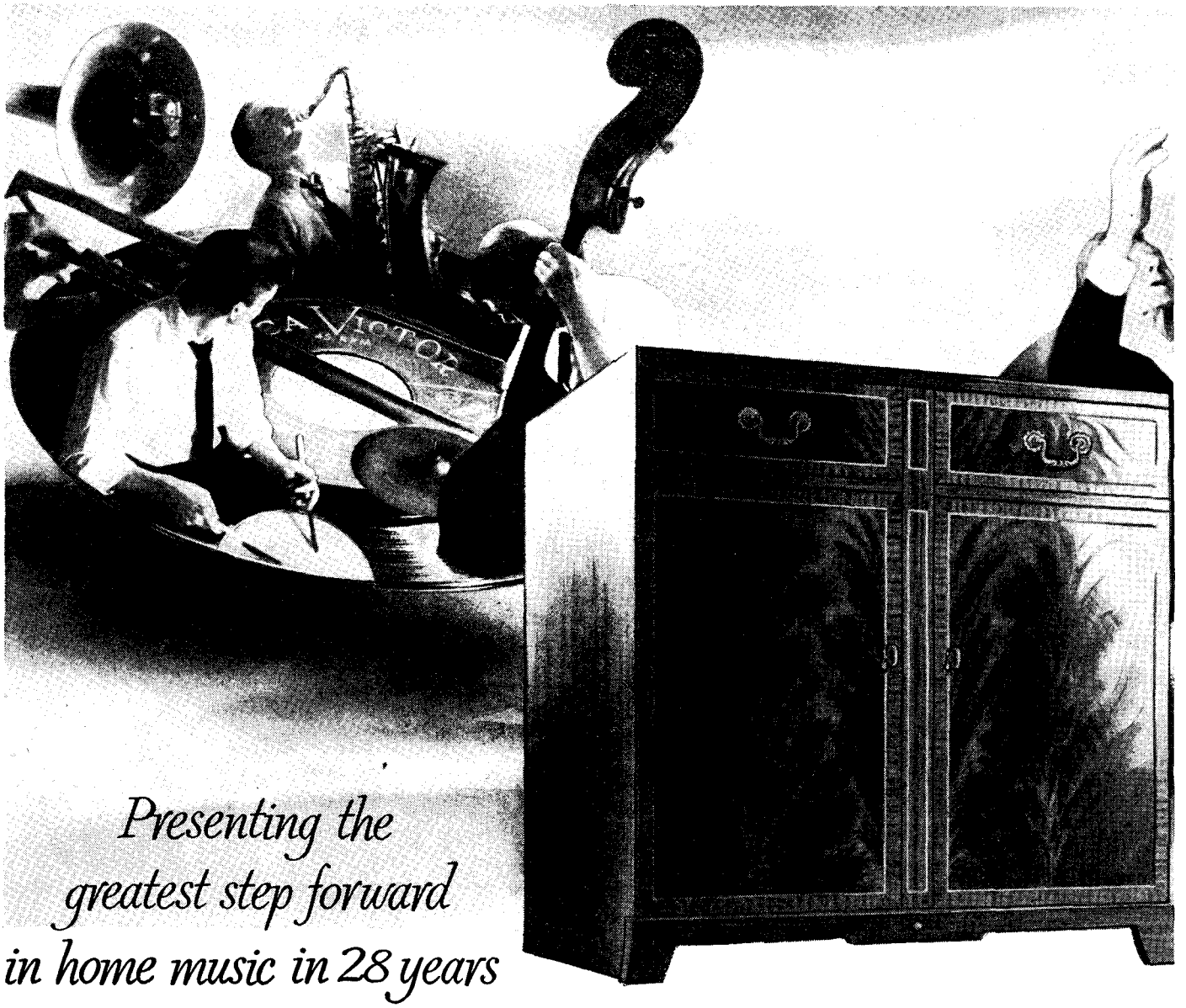

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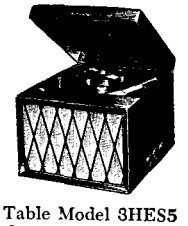

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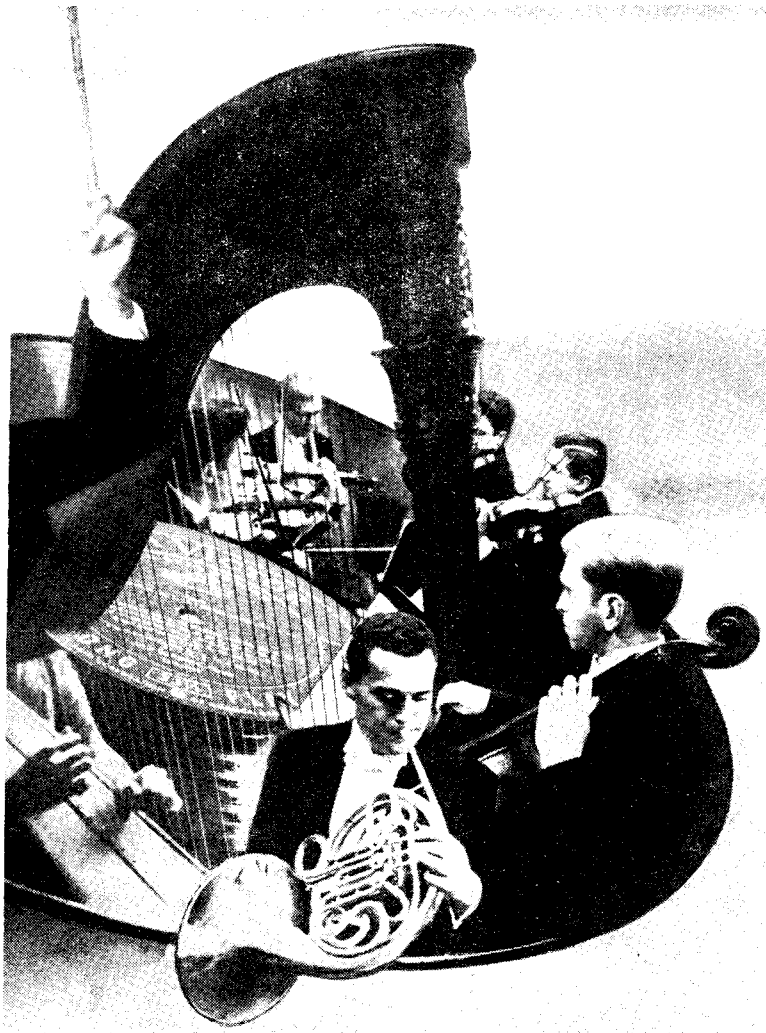

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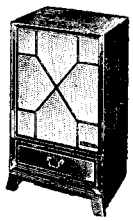

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might concern the law, that holds an individual may be insane in one area, but not insane otherwise. This concept psychiatry has tended to grow away from, believing in mental illness as an illness or at least a reaction pattern of the personality-as-a-whole.

The third lecture deals with the mental patient and the hospital and the interplay of law and medicine in that field. The history of the practices developed in the several states for the hospital care of the mentally sick, mentally defective, criminally insane, and defective delinquent is the background for the discussion. The rights of the mentally ill to proper care and treatment as well as their right to defend themselves or be defended against undue loss of freedom are related to the rights of the public to protection against dangers arising from such persons having their freedom. All this is presented in the light of experience or theory and not in the light of Dr. Overholser's personal assumptions.

The final lecture on "The Psychiatrist as Witness" is developed from historical anecdotes going back to the fourteenth century, stemming, therefore, from England, where a physician first appeared in a court of law as an "expert witness." That the experts might testify on the wrong side (at least as it seems to us today) is evidenced by the story of the famous English physician Sir Thomas Brown, who in 1665 testified before a jury that there were such things as witches, in consequence of which two poor old women were executed. Many famous criminal cases in which psychiatrists have appeared as witnesses from early times through 1952 in England and America are discussed and specific references to medical and legal literature are given explicitly. The McNaghton case and its influence on the concept of "insanity as a defense," the Briggs Law of Massachusetts, the Lindbergh case, and the recent Alger Hiss trial are included in the discussion.

Dr. Overholser's brief book is brilliant, scholarly, delightfully written for the wide public interested in social institutions and their relation to human behavior. The reader who desires to pursue further the subject discussed in it will find valuable two comprehensive textbooks for the psychiatrist on the problems of law in psychiatry: Dr. Henry A. Davidson's "Forensic Psychiatry" (Ronald Press, $8) and "Psychiatry and the Law" (W. W. Norton, $8.50), by Dr. Manfred Guttmacher and Henry Weihoven, a physician and a lawyer. The first is described as "a psychiatric legal guide for physicians" and the second as "a joint effort from the legal and psychiatric professions."

The Self-Respecting Jaguar

By Leonard Bacon

A SELF-RESPECTING jaguar,
A critic in his cat-like way,
Grew cold to some particular
Approaches, and had this to say:

"I wandered into strange savannahs
Somewhere, somehow. I did not know
About the upside-down bananas
Of the Douanier Rousseau.

"I do my stuff and seldom bungle,
But my adventures I deplore.
I found a brown nude in the jungle
And ate her—sawdust to the core!

"Into a desert I came thence,
With blue perspectives infinite.
I thought it didn't make much sense.
Someone called Dali painted it.

"Limp watches hung, like diapers,
Where blank abortions best abort.
And I, with other connoisseurs,
Exploded with a sharp report.

"I blundered on without a friend.
The alleys all were very blind.
I came at last to a dead end
They said that Chirico had signed.

"Also, the signature was false,
A thing I did not wonder at.
But the imagination halts
Before effrontery like that.

"I felt almost as weak as man is,
Victim of various neuroses,
Nor could digest Modigliani's
People with triangles for noses.

"I saw a collage minotaur,
And watched Picasso's pencil squirm,
As, out of his cosmetic store,
He gave Europa's bull a 'perm'.

"And thereupon, incontinent,
I was resolved my freight to pull.
I could not figure the per cent,
But knew I had my bellyful.

"I sought my native Amazon,
Gross forests where the tapir wanders,
And daily now I feast upon
The carcasses of anacondas.

"The fierce piranha from the stream
I scoop with my accomplished claw,
Or, in the gloom where orchids gleam
Capture the blue and gold macaw.

"Though both detest my point of view,
I like my throne and principality.
Some day it might be fun for you
To chew the fiber of reality."

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NEW EDITIONS

Chronicles from America's Early History

PIONEER America lives again in two recently published new editions—"A New Home" (Putnam, $5), by Caroline M. Kirkland, edited by John Nerber; and "The Indiana Home," by Logan Esarey, with pictures by Franklin Booth and drawings by Bruce Rogers, and an introduction by R. Carlyle Buley (Indiana University Press, $15, limited to 1,550 copies).

The first, by a witty, highly educated woman who has been called "the mother of Midwestern realism," deserves far better of our literary historians than the treatment it receives in "The Cambridge History of American Literature," where Carl Van Doren found it worth only half a sentence, and described it as "a volume of keen and sprightly letters on the frontier avowedly in the manner of Miss Mitford." Mrs. Kirkland's sketches, not letters, give us a unique picture of life in a Michigan settlement, in the late 1830's, when land-fever was running high and a thousand immigrants a day were pouring into Detroit, where land-sharks were waiting to take their money in exchange for acres of forest and swamp-land and worse, glowingly described as ideal sites for future cities. With an unfailing sense of humor, Mrs. Kirkland describes how she and her husband founded a village in the wilderness, and how she adjusted herself to primitive living. She is at her best when writing of her neighbors; her book is a book of characters, keenly observed, whose turns and rhythms of speech have been caught by a true ear and reproduced by a clever pen. It is obvious that she could not help feeling superior to her fellow settlers—how could she have helped it, with her background and education?—but she strove mightily to conceal this feeling in a society that was belligerently egalitarian. Her realistic reporting is heavily adorned and overburdened with literary quotations and allusions, with French words and phrases. We have to learn to forgive her fondness for such writing as, "Children are the true *bijouterie* of the woods and wilds"—but her merits make forgiveness easy.

This new edition of "The Indiana Home," designed by Bruce Rogers with marginal drawings of his own, and printed by the Marchbanks Press, is as lovely a book as you could wish to see or handle. The pages are beautifully simple and clean, and I do not think it is fanciful to call them cool—certainly they are restful and refreshing.

LOGAN ESAREY'S text—prepared from lecture notes and written for his grandchildren by an historian whose knowledge of his native state is said to have been matchless—is worthy of the embodiment Bruce Rogers, another Hoosier, has given it. In a style remarkable for ease and lucidity, the author has recreated the Indiana of his great-grandparents' day and of his own fondly remembered boyhood. He tells how the early settlers came and cleared the land and built and stayed and multiplied, what game they hunted and what food they ate, what the changing seasons meant to them, and what their pleasures were; how they transformed the forests—poplar into houses, oak into fence rails and barrel staves, hickory into hoop-poles, of which a good "hand" could cut 800 per day; how they raised sheep and sheared them; how they had "a breathing spell during the 'dog days' of August," and how in October they "all climbed into the big wagon some bright morning and drove off to the big store to lay in the winter supplies"; how they behaved at camp meetings and at circuit courts; how, finally, the Indiana settler became a citizen. In short, this is a book of singular charm.

Richard H. Pough's "Audubon Guides, All the Birds of Eastern and Central North America" (Doubleday, $5.95) is a book that would have been welcomed, I am sure, by the Kirklands and Logan Esarey's forefathers. Text, color illustrations by Don Eckelberry, and drawings by Earl L. Poole are all that could be desired. In "Mount Rainer, A Record of Exploration" (Binfords & Mort, $3.50), edited by Edmond S. Meany, a mountain sits for a full-length portrait and history, by various hands. David E. Lilienthal's "TVA—Democracy on the March" (Harper, $3.50) has been revised by its author, with renewed faith in the value of the great project he headed. Veblen's masterpiece, "The Theory of the Leisure Class," is now a Mentor Book (New American Library, 35¢). —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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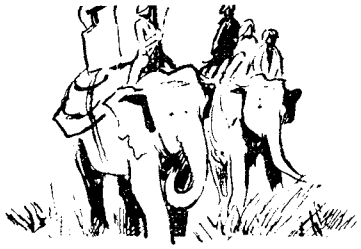

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Americana

Continued from page 23

Bernhardt for "Queen Elizabeth" and made the feature film inevitable. He exploited the star system by the simple expedient of buying up all the best stars, beginning with Mary Pickford. When the distributing organization, Paramount, began to dominate his producing one, Famous Players, Famous Players bought control of Paramount. When he began to charge higher prices for his star pictures, and exhibitors revolted by forming First National and going into production, he quietly started buying up theatres. He never, he says, tried to monopolize production, distribution, or exhibition, but his far-flung and far-seeing operations in all three branches of the industry kept everybody hopping.

HE HAS chosen to tell little of all this and much of his memories of Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Clara Bow, and, to keep up with the show, Rosemary Clooney. Maybe in his mellow latter years these things mean most to Mr. Zukor. Or maybe what has happened since his first biography was published had something to do with it. When Will Irwin published his book the Paramount Building in New York City had just been completed, and the president of the company, descending from his office on the thirty-third floor to the Paramount Theatre itself, was traversing a vertical monolith all his own. Five years later, under the blows of the Depression, Paramount went into receivership. In buying up the 2,000 theatres which Paramount owned the company had paid with Paramount stock which it pledged to redeem at a fixed high sum. Redemption of the stock in depression times caused a huge deficit and the bankers took over. Zukor himself could have sold out his interest for a fortune, but as Arthur Mayer recalls in "Merely Colossal," "The old man chose to go down with the ship."

He has stayed with the ship ever since, though not quite so overwhelmingly in command of the tiller, and if his latter pages deal more with testimonial banquets, cornerstone layings, and anecdotes of Mae West's ambition to be a lion-tamer, these are probably appropriate to the years he has spent as chairman of the board. He certainly does not really tell us what it is like to hold an honorary, though honorable, position in a domain where once his word was law. He says, indeed, that he does not think his readers would be interested in

Zukor and Swanson "stayed with the ship."

"corporate history." To me nothing would be more interesting than the untold story of Paramount as it could be told by one of the key figures in the economic history of the twentieth century; but the public is never wrong, Mr. Zukor has seldom been wrong about the public, and it is this reviewer, as usual, who is out of step.

King Vidor's autobiography, "A Tree Is a Tree," is obviously all his own work; it has no ghostly polish. It is the plain, sober work of a man very much in earnest about the movies, who came to them not because of what he knew or could guess about what the public liked but of what he himself liked and wanted to put on the screen. At the age of ten, he tells us, he watched boys diving into Galveston Bay and "saw in the scene music reduced to movement; I felt its rhythm, tempo, beauty, humor; I was aware of form and composition, of line and action. I wanted to record it, to show others what had been shown to me." Here speaks the artist, in the I-wanted-to-show, specifically, the film artist: already in 1913 his revered master, D. W. Griffith, had said, "All I am really trying to do is to make you see."

What King Vidor has wanted to make us see through the medium he has made his own is something about the American scene that has interested few of his fellow workers, the look and feel of life to ordinary people here and now. "The Big Parade" (1925), which made his reputation, was in his words an attempt to show just this: "A man walks through the war and looks at it, neither a pacifist nor a soldier, he simply goes through and has a look and is pulled into these experiences." That stands out in our memories now because it was the first attempt to show war in that way on the screen, but it was also the motif of all his serious films. "The Crown" (1928), "Hallelujah" (1929), "Our Daily Bread" (1933), "The Citadel" (1938), even the aborted "An Ameri-

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can Romance" (1944) separately and together tell us the fate of man-in-the-mass in the years of the modern in a way that no one else has quite tried. Even the Dos Passos of the great cross-sections, the O'Neill of "Dynamo" had to abstract and symbolize the mechanical forces and inhuman events which have made the individuality of modern man a plaything and an illusion. With the camera and microphone, with visual cross-sectioning, Vidor *showed* us the anatomy of human bondage in a world we recogniże as our own. I don't think the camera could aim higher than this, and I don't think anyone else at work in Hollywood has a more considerable body of achievement to look back on or work forward from.

Mr. Vidor has accomplished his conscious aim under the usual difficulties, walking the perilous tightrope of the movies crowded with motley figures intent on errands of their own, including the above-mentioned Mr. Zukor. His circumstantial accounts of his adventures differ little from those of his predecessors, though it is interesting to read of his pioneer experiments with wide film ("Billy The Kid," 1930) and his vignette of William Randolph Hearst is sharper than many of the hundreds we have read. What sets his book apart is what sets his work apart, a stubborn belief in the camera and in all who seek to inquire into its unknown powers.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Othello, speaking of himself, "Othello," V, ii, 347. 2. Ophelia, of "some ungracious pastors," "Hamlet," I, iii, 49. 3. First Witch, of herself, "Macbeth," 1, iii, 9. 4. Bolingbroke, of Mowbray, "Richard II," I, i, 92. 5. Cleopatra, of the "saucy lictors," "Antony and Cleopatra," V, ii, 215. 6. Jaques, of the schoolboy, "As You Like It," II, vii, 146-7. 7. Prospero, of Caliban, "The Tempest," I, ii, 356-7. 8. Viola, of "concealment," "Twelfth Night," II, iv, 114. 9. Lear, of Gloucester, "King Lear," IV, vi, 175. 10. Hastings, of him "who builds his hope in air," "Richard III," III, iv, 101. 11. Iago, of "the cannon" "Othello," III, iv, 136-7. 12. Caliban, of Prospero's "spirits," "The Tempest," II, ii, 9. 13. Duke senior, of "adversity," "As You Like It," II, i, 13. 14. Pistol, of himself and associates. "King Henry the Fifth," II, iii, 57. 15. Claudio, of "our natures," "Measure For Measure," I, ii, 133. 16. Friar Lawrence, of "darkness," "Romeo and Juliet," II, iii, 3-4. 17. Mercutio, of Romeo, "Romeo and Juliet," II, iv, 39. 18. Shylock, of Antonio, "The Merchant of Venice," I, iii, 42. 19. Leonato, of himself, "Much Ado About Nothing," V, i, 59. 20. Caesar, of Metellus Cimber, "Julius Caesar," III, i, 46.

Notes

NOSTALGIA DOWN EAST: Rural New England of forty years ago, before the advent of motels, television, super highways, and other cultural improvements, seems like a gnarled paradise. At least this is the aspect it has when viewed through the perceptive and pleasantly sentimental eyes of Ralph Moody. Mr. Moody's two earlier books demonstrated to a large and appreciative public his flair for recreating the rural experience of a bygone day. In **"The Fields of Home"** (Norton, $3.50) he again cultivates the fertile soil of nostalgia—detailing a period spent on his grandfather's Maine farm.

Thomas Gould, Mr. Moody's maternal grandfather, was a cantankerous and complex old gentleman, who had contracted malaria while in the service of the Union army. This inconvenienced him at times, but did not prevent him from felling trees at the age of seventy-three, and doing other farm labor that would have exhausted a professional football guard. His two principal passions were a love for his land and a loathing for newfangled improvements (among which he included screen doors). Mr. Moody, aged fifteen in this instalment of his reminiscences, shared his grandfather's love for the soil, but not his aversion to making its cultivation easier. The story of how the boy and the old man, who protests bitterly all the way, turn the run-down fields into a bustling truck and dairy farm is a pleasant excursion into the recent past that Mr. Moody is so adept at evoking. If Mr. Moody writes with a certain degree of naïveté, this is an appropriate quality for "The Fields of Home."

—MARTIN LEVIN.

FEMININE FIREFIGHTER: It isn't every young bride who would be content to spend her honeymoon in a glass house, particularly when this dwelling perches precariously on a 8,154-foot mountaintop. But Jeanne Kellar Beaty, author of **"Lookout Wife"** (Random House, $3.50), is no ordinary bride. She's got pioneer blood, as well as printer's ink, in her veins. Not only did she follow her husband to an isolated fire lookout post in the Forestry Service, but she has written an entertaining book about a little-known branch of Government service. In addition to sharing Chip Beaty's rulebook duties as a firewatcher, carpenter, painter, meteorologist, and general handyman, Mrs. Beaty kept house in an uninhabited wilderness without the aid of refrigerator, indoor plumbing, or other modern contrivances. But life on Long Tom, in Idaho's Salmon National Forest, had

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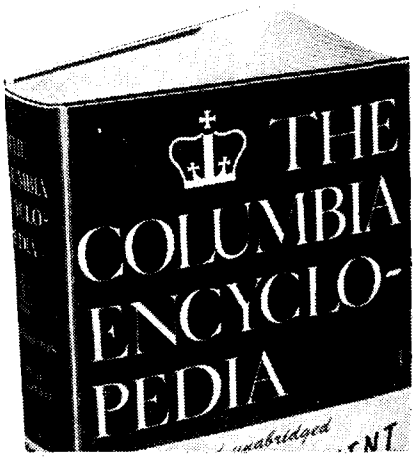

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its compensations. There were the ever-changing panorama of mountain and sky, the visits of alluring wildlife, the descent (or rather, ascent) of Forestry big brass on inspection tours, and the excitement of spotting her first big "smoke," fought by a platoon of parachuting smokejumpers and mountainclimbers. Mrs. Beaty's response to nature is enthusiastic, and so is her appreciation of the daring, dedicated firefighters who help to preserve the West's great forests and rivers. She might have spared us some of the repetitive housekeeping details. But put that down to a novice's eagerness to tell the whole story.

—Ray Pierre.

UNEASY COMPROMISE: The story Glover Moore tells in his excellent monograph on **"The Missouri Controversy, 1819-1821"** (University of Kentucky Press, $6) is an important one. It deals with our first major flare-up of sectional feeling, that which attended Missouri's entrance into the Union as a slave state. To manage this and appease aggravated Northerners, Congress, at the same time, took in Maine as a free state, and created the famous line of 36°30′, above which no new states were to be admitted unless they were free. This compromise held until 1850, when Henry Clay, who had pushed through the Missouri Compromise, made his last personal effort to hold the Union together with another compromise. Professor Moore might have expressed some thoughts on compromises in general, to stimulate present-day readers; but his book, valuable though it is, is not the kind of book which does this. The Missouri Compromise involved an enormous amount of human nature and excitement which the author does not exploit. But a patient reader will surely pause where, for example, Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, a Virginia fire-eater, advises Missourians to keep out Yankees. Asked how, he suggested in all seriousness that they be "required to pronounce the word 'cow.' If they said 'keow' they should be turned back." Professor Moore's most novel finding is that North and South were less wrought-up about Missouri than has often been claimed: politicians were agitated, so were well-to-do humanitarians; but the general public continued to elect Southern Democratic Presidents, in the main, and worried less about slavery than about the economic depression which began in 1819. This is not quite, perhaps, so upsetting a conclusion as the author may imagine. It is like saying, today, that Americans aren't seriously worried about atomic bombs; what really concerns them is the high cost of living.

—Louis Filler.

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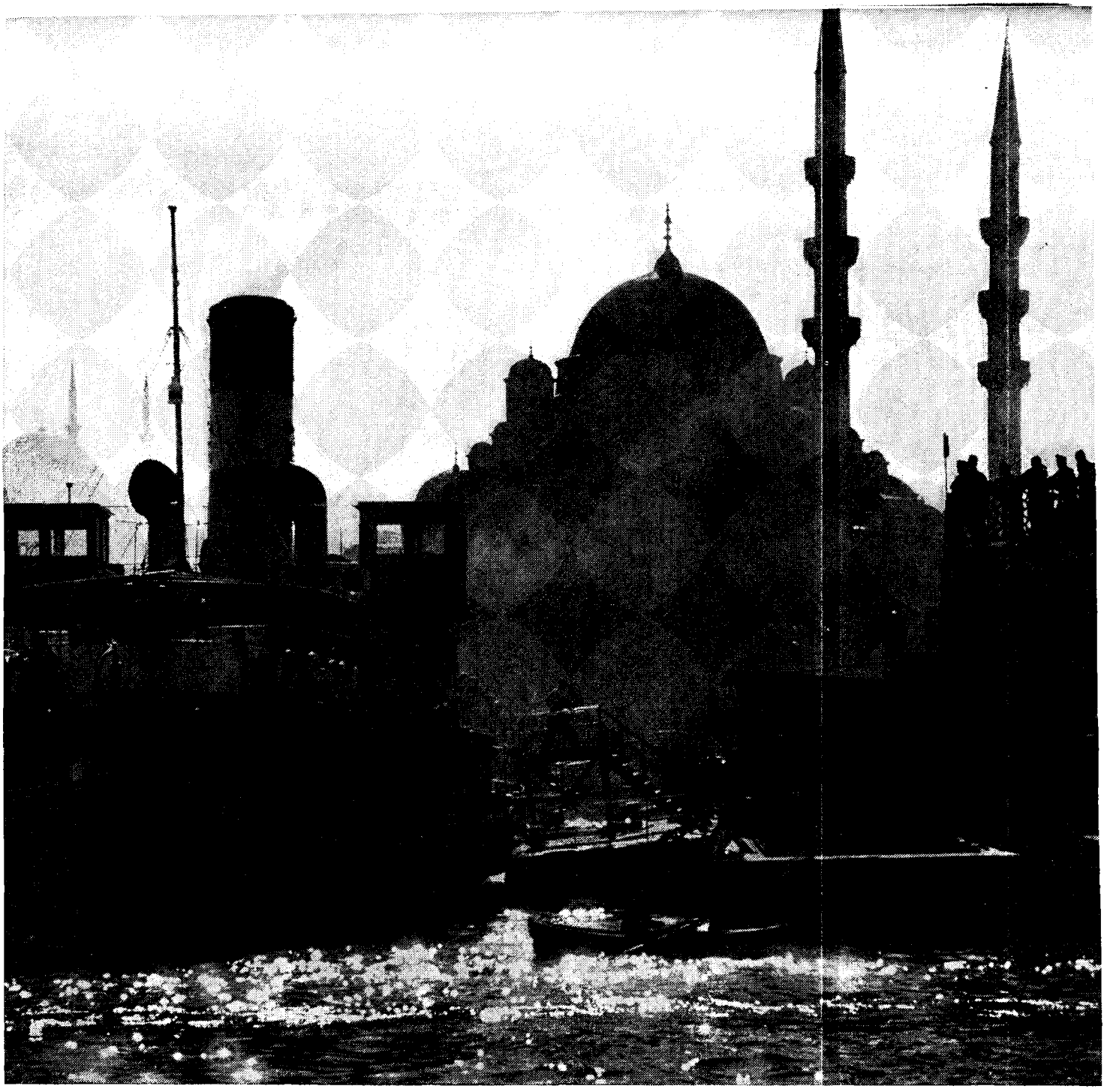

—The ferry landing at Galata Bridge, Istanbul; Turkish Information Office.

The MEDITERRANEAN

THE Mediterranean has a way of getting the best out of all things . . . . landscape from painter, fruit from the tree, temple out of Greek, health from Churchill. It is the searing sun that burns out of the limitless sky. Or the hot wind that blows off the African desert. Or the cool fringe of turquoise sea. Under the palms art oozes easily from the brush, ideas that were shy are coaxed from dark closets of the mind. Almond trees flower into ecstasy each spring. Orange trees produce sun replicas by the box each winter. Olive trees, wizened and aged, endure beyond the hopes of elephant or tortoise, and are all but immortal.

The *Mare Nostrum* of the Romans has become the *Mare Omnium*. The big ship and the fast plane have made it everybody's sea, the sea of those who look for inspiration, for peace, for luck in the casino, for vestiges of the Romans, for Anna Magnani making a film, for memories of Chopin, for a place by the blue where it is warm all year and not very expensive. The sun still beats, the hot wind blows, bringing peace and health and fulfilment. On the eve of the Mediterranean winter season 1953-54, at a time of great productivity, *The Saturday Review* offers a new appraisal of an old sea and its bordering cultures.

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The Spain of Madrid

By HORACE SUTTON

MADRID.

SPAIN is the Christmas present that somehow got kicked under the sofa and wasn't found until April. It is the five-dollar bill discovered in the pocket of the summer suit. It is the bonus, the unexpected. Its antiquity is new. Its ordinary life is strangely out of the ordinary. It is the great undiscovered. Also, it is still pretty cheap.

The Great Undiscovered demands some rather radical changes in the first-time visitor, no matter how well he may have been warned. There is no sense, I can tell you, in bounding out of bed here at an hour that might be considered normal and decent back in Manhattan. If there was anyone else awake in Madrid the morning I appeared on the street at 9:15 ready for business he must have been working nights. There is no future in calling at offices until 10 A.M.; your chances will improve if you wait until 10:30, and if you hold off until eleven most everybody will be on hand.

Stores and offices begin closing again at 1 P.M. and the period of the Long Snore sets in, lasting until four. You can fire a fusillade of buckshot down the Jose Antonio, formerly the Gran Via, without the barest chance of pinking a Madrileño until the fire of the sun is spent. At half-past eight, when day and you are done, the cocktail hour is in full flower.

To the unpractised ear it may sound as if all of Spain suffers from a lisp, but this, it turns out, is only the correct way of speaking fine Castilian Spanish. When a "c" or a "z" shows up in advance of an "i" or an "e" it is pronounced "thee," as in the Spanish town of Val-en-thee-a. Probably it is an extreme case, but if you get involved with cultured Spaniards you may hear them talking about that great Latin poet Thee-the-ron, who is none other than Cicero. Andalusians fall into a lisp at the sign of an "s," and after you've listened to that for awhile you're liable to walk around singing, "In Spain they say, Thee, Thee!"

Spain is a land for the grand politesse, and if you are a male and receive a letter addressed Sr. D. Herbert Glockenspiel it only means that you are suspected of being a gentleman and not a plumber. All gentlemen are addressed Senor Don, whereas the lower classes may only rate a simple Sr. When someone sneezes it is polite to say, "Jesus," but since j's are pronounced like h's it should come out "hay-sus."

The other day I was taken to lunch at Spain's most elegant restaurant, called the Jockey Club. The Spaniards call it the hock-ee club, and I think I can understand why, as lunch for three came to $17. There were no prices on the menu. In other words, if you have to worry about the bill don't come. However, the hock-ee club is the most expensive place south of Paris, and is in no way representative of the price of things in Spain.

Even the Castellana Hilton is rather moderate in its way. It has two doormen, four pages to open the double glass doors, is completely air-conditioned, and can even offer such American touches as Arroz Inflado, which is to say, Puffed Rice. Its bar has achieved an immediate *ambiance,* and it seems destined to become as popular a piece of American territory as the Ritz Bar in Paris. The Hilton's table d'hote meals run about $2.25 and at that are considered quite expensive by Spaniards. Indeed, the 15 per cent tip, 15 per cent tax, and a bottle of mineral water will hike the bill over $3—a fair price for dinner but downright expensive for lunch. Single rooms are as low as $5 and you can have a sultan's suite for $10. Room service in a de luxe hotel carries a 30 per cent Government tax which to my mind is an outrageous levy.

The Castellana Hilton, like the new Fenix, is up in the residential section, and not really handy to anything except the American Embassy, the route to the airport, and the Serrano, a boulevard where the elegant Madrileños parade on Sunday mornings. But they say it is the coming section of town, and I will not quibble.

The Ritz, which is the *grande dame* among Madrid hotels, and the Palace, an immense, white, bustling, efficient place, are in sight of each other across the Plaza de Neptuno. Hard by is Madrid's magnificent Prado Museum, which some consider better than the Louvre. The shops, the travel agencies, and the greenery of the Parque del Retiro are all a walk away. On warm days tables are scattered around the shallow pool of the Ritz, and at night the water is drained and dancers glide under the shelter of pines and palms and a purple Love of Jove tree. What's more, it is handy to the Stock Exchange.

In a Madrid era of rising skyscrapers, a new hotel has just opened in a massive twenty-eight-story building known as the Plaza, which will also contain a swimming pool, a theatre, and residential apartments. Its tremendous, high-ceiling dining room looks like a wing of the *Queen Mary,* but the prices seem destined to make the new hotel one of the most popular in Southern Europe. Handsome single rooms with bath are scaled as low as $1.75, and for an extra quarter you can have one with a terrace giving out on an entrancing vista of town.

HOTELS like the new Plaza are going to do much to maintain Spain's reputation for low prices, but it is certainly possible to run up a hefty tab and not only in the hock-ee club. The other night dinner for two at Henry's near the jai alai, or fronton, courts cost about $7. Henry specializes in American foods served at American hours since Henry himself once operated a restaurant called the Alhambra near Wall St. He also specializes in Wall St. prices. Jai alai, or fronton, or pelote, is the Basque game vaguely resembling handball wherein the players throw a hard ball against a concrete wall using a basket affixed to the arm. A sideshow is the betting, the bookies trafficking with the customers by throwing the betting slips up to the grandstand stuffed inside a rubber ball.

While you will have to deposit $3.50 for a simple meal in the best places in Spain, you can eat well for one third that price in some wonderful restaurants. The most memorable meal I had in Spain was in an old-quarter establishment which calls itself the Antigua Casa Candido Remis Sobrino de Botin. I went there not knowing that Hemingway had given it his personal testimonial in "The Sun Also Rises," in 1928, and Hemingway can do more for a place than

—Horace Sutton.

"Spain is the great undiscovered."

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Duncan Hines. Three of us had whole roast suckling pig served sizzling and bubbling in a black skillet and covered with skin toasted to peanut brittle. With wine, dessert, and tip the cost for each was $3.10. Fame had done little to spoil the food or inflate the price.

ANOTHER dusty corner nearby is the Cuevas de Luis Candelas, a cave where a Spanish Robin Hood named Luis Candelas held out against somebody or other. The doorman masquerades in a sinister cape and gun which, I take it, was the costume of bandits in Luis's day. The place is a whitewashed catacombs inside, and packed to the arched ceilings with tourists, Spaniards, and incredible noise. Directly up a flight of stone steps that lead to the Plaza Mayor is a tiny restaurant of large reputation known as El Pulpito, which, if you must know, means octopus.

I started sightseeing the other morning aided by a young guide and a new Ford sedan from Atesa, the Spanish car-hire agency. The driver spoke pretty good English. He said his name was Mike. He handed me his card. The guide handed me his card too. It read, "Alfonso Illescas Gomez-Pineda." From this I was instructed to deduct Pineda, which was the maiden name of his mother. It was proper to call him Mr. Gomez or—since he had a college degree and therefore was a gentleman—Señor Don Alfonso Illescas Gomez-Pineda, pronounced Gometh. His card was bordered with a quarter-inch band of black. I offered my condolences. He said, "It is for my grandfather who died last year."

Señor Don Gomez and I visited the Royal Palace, where Franco receives foreign ambassadors and occasionally addresses people from the balcony. Across Oriente Square Franco could view the hedges that looked like green sand pies, and in the center the statue of Philip IV on a bronze charger engineered by Galileo from a drawing by Velasquez. What Franco has told the people in the past fifteen years has been enough to keep many tourists away, this one included. Although at one time I did not choose to help the cause of tourism in Spain, I now feel that it is the primary force that will bring a better balance of ideas to the country. Americans, in the easy way they carry themselves, in what they say, in their relations with those who work for them, are proving to be walking examples of a free world.

Don Alfonso and I stopped for a drink of *horchata* and we didn't talk politics. We talked about *horchata,* which is a milk drink made from chufa almonds. One of the best stands for *horchata* is in the Plaza Mayor, which is built like an immense theatre with arcades over the street and open balconies above. Sometimes the show was the Inquisition, which had its biggest day on June 30, 1680, when twenty-one heretics were burned alive before King Charles II; he was said to have enjoyed it because he was feebleminded. On other days there were bullfights in the square and Don Alfonso, who is something of a scholar, told me that he accepted the notion that bullfighting was inherited from the Arabs, who used to fight the bulls on horseback. One day the horse of a knight was killed by a bull and the knight was required to defend himself with cape and sword.

Now bullfighting is reserved for the Plaza de Toros, an excellent ring, and the only cries heard in the Plaza Mayor are the drivers of buses bound for the suburbs shouting, "Carabanchel! Carabanchel!" and other destinations. There is a stamp market in the open every day from ten to two, such being the stability of Madrid's weather, and on Sundays the soldiers come down to mingle with the maids under the arcades from four until half past nine.

We saw the donkey carts of the knife sharpeners and melons piled on the street corners like cannon balls and a wagon advertising Exquisitos Helados, or exquisite ice cream. We rolled through the flea market, where they sell old boilers, old bidets, old iron gates, and second-hand tombs removed from the graves of deceased persons who have bad credit. We saw blue tram cars with the sign "Chlorodont—La Gran Crema Dental," and passed the street lined with hotels that rent rooms by the hour and noted that it is called the Calle Libertad. We stopped in Comar's, where a pair of Hungarians who arrived fourteen months ago make chic Spanish fashions and hire seven-seven girls who sing flamenco songs as they work the looms. We burst onto the square called the Puerta del Sol, the doorway of the sun, and indeed the sun shown on the gardens, on the fountains, and on the white helmets of the police.

We strolled through the weather-beaten second-hand bookstalls of the Cuesta de Claudio Moyano, not far from the white bulwark of the Palace Hotel, and Mike drove the Atesa Ford through the beautiful Retiro Park. And after all that we fell finally into the California, a short-order place on the Gran Via that does things in American style. You can get a *hamburguesa* or even a *perro caliente,* which is a dog that is hot. Also, they serve flapjacks, a very Yankee dish, excepting that they serve them with whipped cream and chocolate sauce. Don Alfonso watched a stack go by, crowned with the cream and drowned in goo. "Very American place," he said.

It was the first American place I had been since I picked up the TWA Constellation again in Lisbon, where I had stopped off for a couple of days after hopping the ocean. I don't think I shall ever forget the pilot, Captain Harold Blackburn, standing there in the cabin looking very long and lean, and being very American. He told us how high we would fly and he said how long it would take and he said we might run into a fringe of weather but he thought he could get around it. He said the purser was William Borden. He said the stewardess was Clara Jean Reynolds. He said the steward could *habla español muy bien,* and Miss Reynolds could *habla* Brooklyn. "Que es Brook-leen?" the Spaniards asked each other. The Americans laughed and then the Spaniards laughed too and for a minute I thought everybody was going to break into applause. But by that time the skipper had disappeared into the forward cockpit and motors were revving. Blackburn is no man to put whipped cream on a flapjack.

(This is the first of a series of articles on Spain to be continued in the issue of November 7.)

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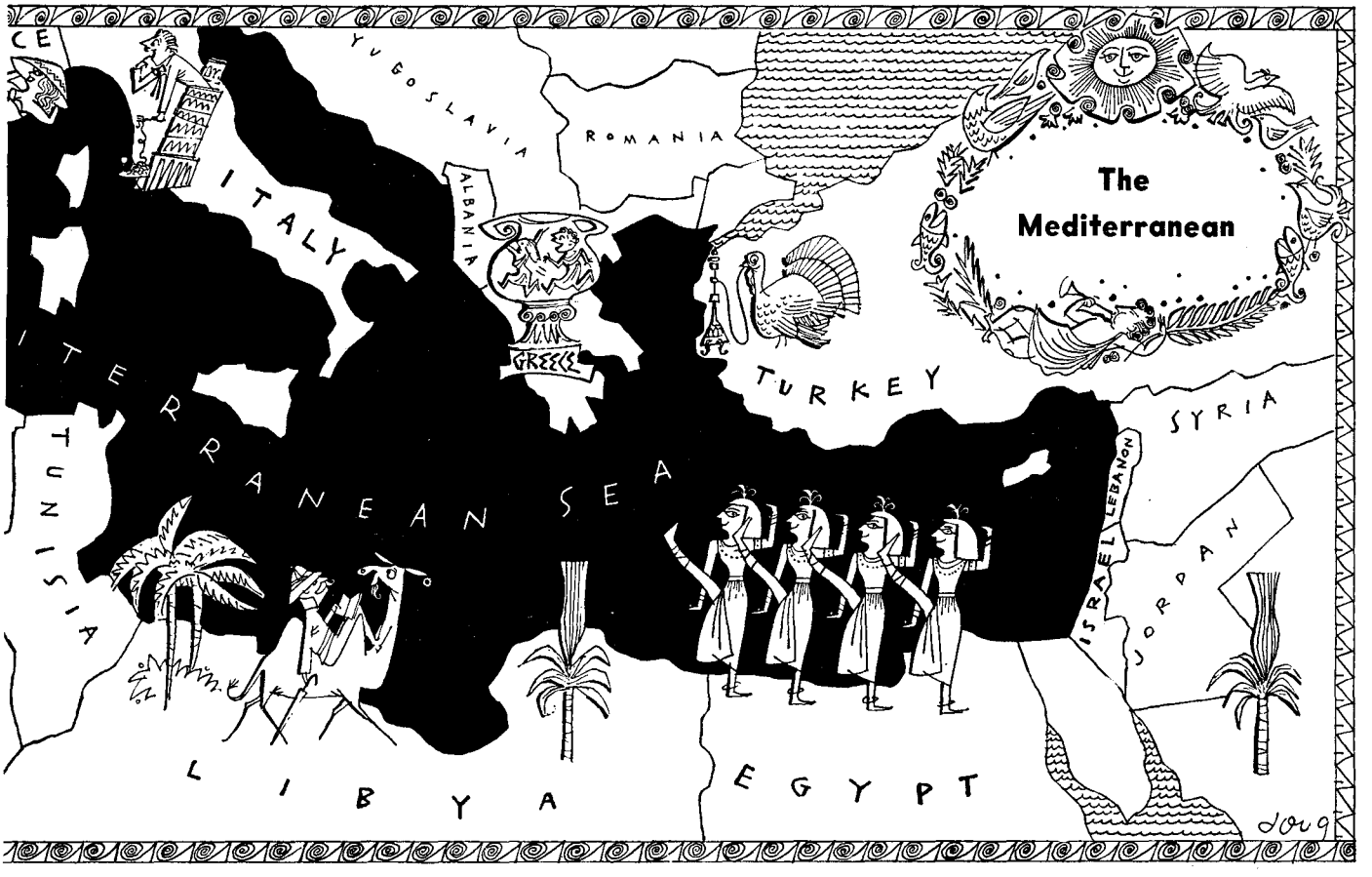
Renaissance on the Riviera

By JAMES THRALL SOBY

SINCE the war the French Mediterranean coast from Antibes to Marseilles has been the scene of magnificent creative activity in the fine arts. The activity has involved the talents of the three greatest figures of twentieth-century art in France: the painters and sculptors Matisse and Picasso; the architect Le Corbusier. Through their recent works these three men have done much to avert the economic collapse predicted for the Riviera at the end of the war, when the English and Germans could no longer travel in numbers or style. Today the French coastal area is swarming with tourists once more. Most of them come for the sake of weather, wine, food, and other recreational facilities, not excluding the Bikini bathing suit. But a sizable and growing number of tourists come to see Picasso's pictures in the Grimaldi Museum at Antibes or to admire his single-handed revival of the pottery industry at Vallauris. Even more people arrive to look at Matisse's chapel at Vence. A few take the winding road to Marseilles to see Le Corbusier's postwar apartment building on the Boulevard Michelet. In short, art has given a boost to real estate and trade on the Riviera, as happened in our own Berkshires when the Tanglewood festivals of music drummed new life into a fading summer community.

The fact that many of Picasso's pictures and ceramics are on permanent display at the Grimaldi Museum in Antibes is something of an accident. Until after the war the Grimaldi was a museum of archeology and a repository for documents pertaining to the Genoese family whose chateau it once was and for whom it is named. But in 1946 the museum's curator, M. de la Souchère, was seated beside Picasso on the beach at Golfe Juan. He got up his courage to ask the master to present a work to the museum. Picasso grudgingly replied that he would try to find in his studio a small sketch with Antibes as its subject—the kind of picture he thought suitable for the Grimaldi's archives. And then suddenly, perhaps irritated by the idea of his art's being used for documentary purposes, Picasso began to complain that he had never had large surfaces to paint. The statement was a slight exaggeration, considering the scale of "Guernica" and other works, but M. de la Souchère was quick to take advantage of it. He offered to put his entire museum at Picasso's disposal and to convert its third floor into a studio for the artist. Within a matter of days large fibrocement panels had arrived at the Grimaldi (canvases were almost impossible to find so soon after the war), the key to the building was in Picasso's pocket, and M. de la Souchère departed for Paris enthralled, one imagines, by the knowledge that his obscure museum held captive the greatest artist of our time, bursting with creative energy.

I DON'T know how many months Picasso worked steadily in his museum studio or whether he carried his new bride, Françoise, in triumph over its sill. But he was there long enough to complete the series of still lifes, figure pieces, and huge drawings on panels which are reproduced in volume I of *Cahiers d'Art* for 1948. The series is by no means the finest of Picasso's long career, though it includes some capital works and is unique in its spontaneous buoyancy of spirit. The war was over and this was Picasso's shout of joy. All the works he completed in the Grimaldi



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Museum (and others besides) were given to the museum outright—an extraordinary gesture of munificence which caused gnashing of teeth among dealers on both sides of the Atlantic. No one interested in the emotional swings which have made Picasso so vital an artist can afford to miss the pictures at Antibes. The townspeople now properly refer to the Grimaldi as "the Picasso exposition."

The Grimaldi Museum also contains a representative collection of Picasso's pottery, presented by the artist. The master's interest in ceramics seems to have been aroused almost as accidentally as his interest in the museum itself. According to his friend and secretary, Jaime Sabartes, Picasso one day in the summer of 1946 drove up to the ancient pottery center of Vallauris, in the hills behind Golfe Juan, his curiosity awakened by an exhibition of local handicrafts. He stopped by chance at the Madoura Studio of Suzanne and Georges Ramié, a highly intelligent couple who showed Picasso the technique of their trade and persuaded him to try his hand at modeling and baking a few pieces of pottery. Toward the end of the day the master departed, leaving his experiments behind, and nothing was heard of him at Vallauris for more than a year. But M. and Mme. Ramié had preserved his pieces of pottery, and on his return Picasso was so delighted with them that he began his prolific career as a ceramist.

TODAY, as a result of Picasso's activity, Vallauris is known around the world, its best studios are busy, the vocabulary of form and ornament in ceramics has been greatly extended, and everyone on the streets in the town assures you that at any minute the master may appear, driving his "très belle voiture." Actually Picasso is seldom at Vallauris these days, his work as artisan-savior about completed.

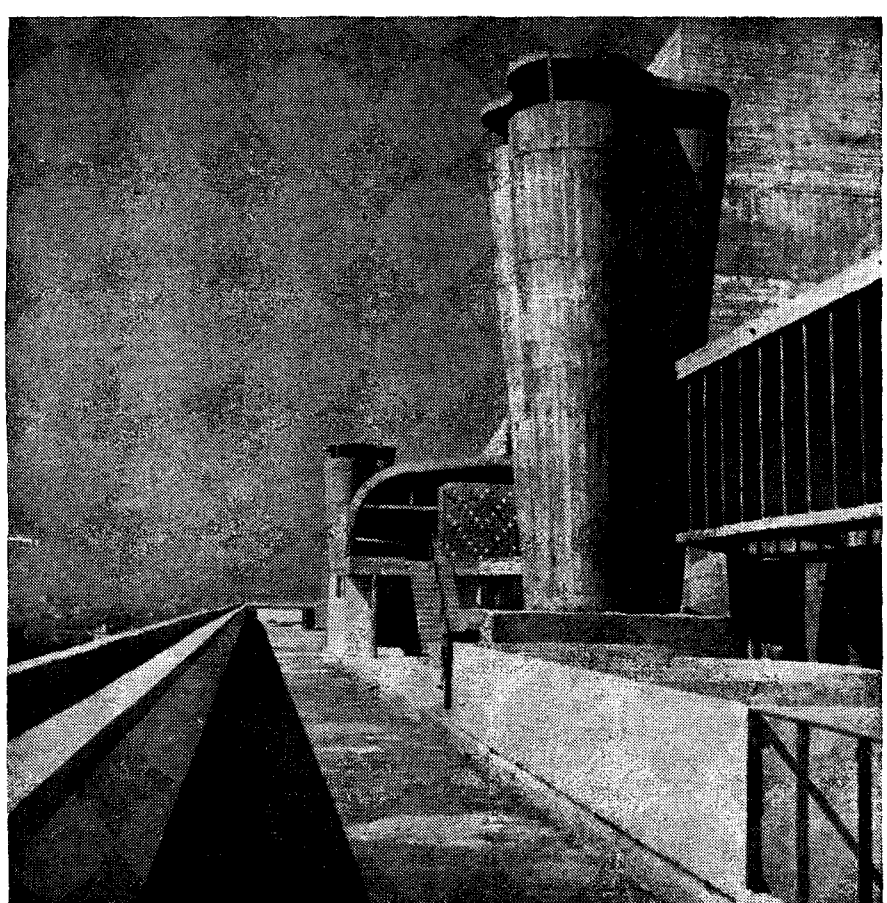
But one is reminded of his visitation by the presence in the tiny Place du Marche of one of his masterpieces of sculpture, "Man with a Lamb," presented by him to the village in 1950 (see illustration). It would be interesting to know whether the sculpture's subject had any religious significance for the artist. This seems unlikely in view of Picasso's known agnosticism. And yet in Southern France one often sees postcards of shepherds carrying sacrificial lambs to church. These humble images, with their elegiac dignity, recall Picasso's sculpture, though they lack its strength, of course. At any rate, the "Man with a Lamb" is a profoundly moving work of art, in the humanistic as well as the formal sense—an appropriate symbol of Picasso's revival of the entire village of Vallauris.

At nearby Vence the Chapel of the Rosary, mostly designed and completely decorated by Picasso's chief rival, Henri Matisse, attracts so many tourists that the Dominican nuns for whom it was built have been forced to establish strict visiting hours. The building itself, consecrated in 1951, is disappointing. Its setting on a hilly roadside seems cramped, its scale awkward. But the interior achieves richness out of utter simplicity, and such details as the altar, the confessional door, the chasubles, and the brass candlesticks are superb. The light in the chapel, coming in through Matisse's green and blue windows to fall on white walls, is unbelievably luminous, as everyone remarks. And this luminosity creates an atmosphere of reverence and quiet, so that the huddled tourists walk as though on felt slippers and whisper softly, whatever if any their faith. Apparently it was Matisse's ambition to build a "gay" chapel, after all these centuries of vaulted gloom. He has succeeded, and yet one has the impression that his gaiety is devotional in character despite his persistent denials of a purely religious inspiration.

At Marseilles the taxi drivers refer to Le Corbusier's new apartment building as "Fada." Whether the word is a vulgar, local variant on "Dada," I don't know. Anyway it is pronounced with oddly respectful scorn, and our driver was enraged when the building's management refused to let us see the interior or the marvelous roof (see illustration). But the illustrations in "Le Corbusier: Oeuvre complete, 1946-52" (Editions Girsberger, Zurich, 1953, $12.50) supplement first-hand impressions of the building.

Clearly this is the work of an absolute master in architecture. The fenestration's spacing is inspired. The supporting pillars which hold the building aloft are majestic in proportion; details like the fire-escape landings and the ventilation chimney are as boldly sculptural as the gigantic carved heads of Easter Island and comparable in primitive force. Indeed the building as a whole typifies a basic factor of Le Corbusier's genius: his alternation of balanced restraint in design with brutal abandon.

How many times has Mediterranean culture renewed itself? The answer can be found in the manuals of art history which one day, surely, will give conspicuous place to the postwar achievement of Picasso, Matisse, and Le Corbusier.



—Brassai.

One of Le Corbusier's roof terraces at Marseilles—"an absolute master in architecture."

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Jean Renoir directing "The Golden Coach"; at his side, assistant-director Giulio Macchi.

Mediterranean Movie-Making

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

ONE of the most remarkable and encouraging of postwar phenomena has been the notable increase in joint production of films on the Continent, and especially in the Mediterranean region. The movies have often been referred to, rather loosely, as an international art. Here, at least, is one instance where that internationalism has become specific. Pictures are being shot in France and Italy with part Italian, part French crews; in France with part French, part English teams; not to mention Italo-Spanish, Italo-German, and even one Italo-Turkish picture now in production. Mounting costs, the difficulties of moving currency from one country to another, the imposition of film quotas to protect home industries in virtually every nation of Europe—in short, purely economic considerations—may have inspired this latest departure in film making. But whatever the underlying reasons, we are now witnessing a true cultural exchange of primary importance. Out of all the various nationalisms is emerging, for the first time, the possibility of a truly European film.

Already enough pictures have come along to indicate what good things might be anticipated from such an arrangement. "The Little World of Don Camillo," "Fanfan the Tulip," "The Seven Deadly Sins" were all either Italo-French or Franco-Italian co-productions. (The difference depends on which producer put up the major proportion of the capital.) Each represented a pooling of talents as well as of money, with casts and technicians from both nations working side by side.

What happens is something qualitatively different from the production of an American film—a "Quo Vadis" or even a "Roman Holiday"—on Italian soil. Italy was for these simply a location, a background. Co-production, on the other hand, seems to result in a definite interpenetration of styles, a fusion of national traits. A film like "Don Camillo," for example, indicates how the Italian flair for crude, neo-documentary realism can be refined, subtilized under the influence of a French director and writer. "Fanfan the Tulip" reveals a notable break with the time-honored French studio tradition, moving the picture out into the glorious French countryside for a freedom of camera movement all too rare in the films of that nation. Similarly, one can hope that the Italians will be able to inject some vitality into the beautiful but lifeless films from Spain.

Of course, this kind of pan-nationalism could develop into a two-edged weapon. What makes the films of Italy or France, of England or Spain of particular interest to us is what they can show us, often quite incidentally, about their people and their way of life. When compromises occur—as when the English make a technicolor musical that they think will please the American market—the results are frequently disastrous. The special qualities that distinguish most British films are lost in a welter of imitative production numbers and forced humor. Today the Italians are making no bones about it. They are striking out for an international market; and pictures like "Anna" and "O.K. Nero" already suggest that at least some of her producers may be all too willing to sacrifice national themes and national style to win it.

Still, it seems to be a risk worth the taking. Certainly, co-production with Italy has proved a healthy stimulus to the flagging French industry. With capital at a premium, the Italo-French agreement—negotiated on a Governmental level—has provided a new economic base for any number of French studios. Under the terms of the agreement, co-produced features are exempted from the quota restrictions of both countries, thus automatically assuring a wider market for such films. While financial arrangements vary somewhat from picture to picture, the minority interest generally contributes somewhere between a third and a half of the entire production cost, his contribution taking the form either of outright cash or the payment of certain of the salaries or expenses. An Italian producer shooting a film in France, for example, might find it expedient to have the French members of his crew paid in francs by the French co-producer. And many a French producer has been delighted to take advantage of the Italian technical facilities.

THE films produced under this kind of arrangement assume the nationality of the major investor: "Fanfan the Tulip" is known as a French film, while Jean Renoir's forthcoming picture "The Golden Coach" will be Italian. Actually, this identification is primarily for financial purposes. It is

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generally the majority producer who gets the entire earnings from both the Italian and French markets, while income from the foreign market is divided according to the share that each has invested in the production. In any case, for each film produced with a major Italian investment the arrangement stipulates that another—a "twin," it is called—be produced with a French company as the major investor. Since 1950, when the plan first went into effect, well over thirty co-productions have come from France and Italy alone, and the Italians have been busily extending the idea ever since. They have in production at this very moment three major pictures representing a parlay of Italian, French, and English capital, stars, and production facilities.

While the French film industry, crippled by the war, continues to struggle to its feet, the Italians have forged ahead dramatically. In 1945 only thirty-two features were produced in Italy; this year there will be over 130. Her position in the world market is now second only to Hollywood's. Aided by the Italian Government—and a generous slice from the American dollars frozen there since the war—Italian producers are moving energetically to enhance that position. American stars—Kirk Douglas, Claudette Colbert, Errol Flynn—now appear in their productions, while Italian beauties like Gina Lollobrigida and Silvana Mangano are being press-agented into international favorites.

Many of the big pictures are now being shot in color—Technicolor, Eastmancolor, or Italy's own handsome Ferraniacolor. Prompt to climb aboard the 3-D bandwagon, they will soon be releasing a 3-D version of "Ulysses." Once famous for spectacle, they are hoping to outspectacle De Mille himself with remakes of such pictures as "Cabiria" and "Theodora." An international film, and specifically a film that will make inroads in the American market, is clearly what the Italians have in mind. Co-production forms a major step toward that goal.

ANOTHER, and rather more questionable, Italian attempt to penetrate the American market cropped up earlier this year in "Anna." Instead of being released with the customary superimposed titles, "Anna" was "dubbed." American voices were fitted to Italian lips and, through some technical wizardry, Silvano Mangano seemed to be speaking English. The Italian technicians claimed that they were "70 per cent satisfied" with the results on that film—which meant that the actors were in perfect lipsync about 70 per cent of the time. In **"Three Girls from Rome"** the synchronization would seem to be at least 70 per cent satisfactory; but mechanics are one thing and esthetics another.

"Three Girls" is the first dramatic film by Luciano Emmer to appear in the States. Emmer, who has already made a modest name for himself by directing art films and documentaries, has chosen to tell in semi-documentary style the story of three attractive young girls from a fashionable salon of *haute coutoure* hard by the Spanish Steps in Rome. Each of them is animated and cheerful, and each has serious man trouble. Emmer takes us behind the scenes both in the shop and in their homes, and everything is just as natural and Roman as it can be—at least on the screen. But out of these delightful Roman types comes a disconcerting flow of stiffish English or, for comic effect, self-conscious Brooklynese. This strange juxtaposition of the broad Italian gesture against our own sharp speech patterns manages to rob the film not only of much of its charm but even its integrity.

Thanks to the ingenuity of the sound engineers, nothing about this film ever seems quite believable. And, of course, you do have to believe in your three young girls before you can start worrying about how they will make out with their young men.

Carleton S. Coon on Lebanon

ONE NIGHT I ATTENDED a dinner at which the principal speakers were Faris Bey el-Khoury and James Michael Curley, at the time Prime Minister of Syria and Mayor of Boston respectively. Curley made a speech extolling the two ancient civilizations of Syria and Ireland. Faris Bey replied that while Ireland may have been civilized, Syria had a great civilization at a time when Ireland had not yet emerged from the sea.

Geologically Faris Bey's remark is untenable, but culturally it is correct not only for Ireland but for all of Western Europe. What used to be Syria is now two countries, Syria and Lebanon. Lebanon fronts the sea. It is to Syria what the eastern seaboard from Boston to Washington is to America. It is a land of lovely beaches and snow-capped mountains, which still shelter a few of the lofty and sweet-smelling cedars that grace the nation's flag, while on the narrow terraces of the coast the farmers grow oranges and delicious finger-sized bananas.

Over half of the Lebanese are Christians. For every Christian in Lebanon at least two of their kin live overseas, particularly in North and South America. They send home wealth in many forms, particularly automobiles, which you will hear, and perhaps see, whizzing over the tortuous mountain roads from the transmontane valley of Beka'a to the sea.

Historians believe that the Lebanese are the descendants of the far-wandering Phoenicians, the merchants of the ancient Mediterranean. Their capital city of Beirut was a Phoenician port. Today it is a lovely piece of masonry crowning the eastern end of the Mediterranean. In it you can buy jewelry at Arab *suks*, eat fine French cooking at the St. George Hotel, or eat Lebanese cooking, with baked kibbi and shish-kebabs, almost anywhere. Both cuisines are magnificent.

You should also visit the American University of Beirut, chartered under the laws of New York State. Guided by Stephen Penrose, successor to Bayard Dodge, it gives the best instruction in general education and medicine in the Middle East. Every year it trains several hundreds of Arabs, Persians, Ethiopians, and Americans under strict Ivy League standards. It is our single most useful envoy in the Middle East, and it does not cost the American taxpayer one cent.

Then there is the Dog River, where conquerors from the Assyrians to the English carved their names on a cliff; the ancient cities of Byblos and Baalbek; the rock-shelter in Antelias, where Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., dug up a Neanderthaloid child; and Pigeon Cove, where any visitor can (or could) pick up the flints of Neanderthal man. Back in New York, in the United Nations halls, you can listen to that modern philosopher, Dr. Charles Malik, one of the world's most civilized citizens, and a Lebanese. Lebanon has everything.

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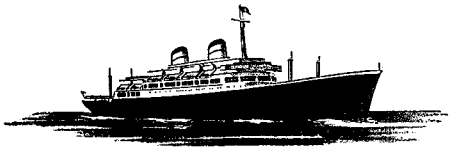

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—Horace Sutton.

A time exposure of the Colosseum on a rainy night—"close to Heaven."

How to Contract Roman Fever

By PAUL HYDE BONNER

I ONCE wrote that Rome was a virus. Having since met a doctor who explained the rudiments of microbiology to me, I wish to correct that statement. In terms of chills and fever Rome is much more analagous to an amebic plasmodium, that is to say, like malaria, or one of those diseases which stick with you for a long, long time. I know, for it has been six years now since I was struck down, and I still start to shake and get hot flashes whenever I read an article in *The New York Times* by Arnaldo Cortesi or see a picture in *Life* of Her Excellency Clare Boothe Luce dining in state at the Villa Madama. If you enjoy this sort of protracted illness (I do) then by all means book passage at once, but don't think for a minute that the bug can be contracted by your mere presence in the Eternal City. I have known many Americans who have spent a week there, sitting in the lobby of the Excelsior, eating ice cream on the sidewalk of Doney's, "doing" the Forum and St. Peter's, and putting the final crimp in their tired feet by dancing all night at La Biblioteca, who thought the place a flimsy bore. Seen that way Heaven would be a bore, and, as far as I am concerned, Rome is as close to Heaven as I expect to get.

To really know Rome would take at least twenty years, a scholarly attitude of mind, and a fluent knowledge of Italian. However, the average tourist with a fair education and a desire to drink in and digest what his eyes behold may within a fortnight learn enough to understand why the city is such a fundamental record of our Western civilization. It would ease the process, help to fit the pieces of the picture together, if he did a little reading before starting the voyage. The best author for this purpose is, of course, Gregorovius. But who, these days, would tackle sixteen volumes? The next best is Gibbon, though he is often biased to the point of inaccuracy. If you have not the time and patience for him then at least read the articles on Rome in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

The flashback as a technique has always annoyed me. I like my stories to stick to chronology, to unwind from the beginning to the end as time and history do. In setting out to see Rome I most strongly urge that you observe this time-sequence approach. It is only in this way that the whole can be put together in a way which will make each segment seem beautiful in itself, and with a logic to its beauty.

FIRST, then, go to the Etruscan Museum in the Valle Giulia, give it a casual once-over, just to gain an idea of the character of the ancient people who inhabited this spot on the marshes of the Tiber before they were swept out by the Latins. You will see an art strongly influenced by the Greek and Alexandrine cultures. And, as long as you are in that end of town, you might lunch at Valadier's on the Pincio, being sure to take a table on the second floor balcony, which overlooks the Piazza del Popolo. The food and decor are just as good as they were when Nathaniel Hawthorne and Marion Crawford used to eat there.

Your next step in time is the remains of ancient Rome, beginning with a walk through the Forum and along the crest of the Palatine, ending with the Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum. This should be done in the morning, before the heat of the sun makes the Forum a frying pan. It would be well to end up at the Ulpia restaurant in Trajan's Forum for lunch, where the atmosphere is distinctly of the second century. Then, if I were you I would visit the Baths of Diocletian on the Piazza Esedra (the Union Station in Washington was modeled after it) and its fine museum of Roman sculpture. After that, to round out the picture of the Empire, you might stroll down the via del Mare and see the splendid curved wall that once enclosed the Theatre of Marcellus, on top of which is now the palace of Victoria, Duchess of Sermoneta, and further on the little temples of Fortuna and Vesta.

Your subsequent quest will be probably the richest and most satisfying—the early Christian churches

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f the fourth to tenth centuries. They re, to my mind, the jewels in Rome's rown, with their Byzantine frescoes, neir altars and cloisters of inlaid tone by the Cosmati family, and neir incomparable and wonderfully reserved mosaics. You will not have ime to see them all, but here are few that you should not miss: Santa Costanza, S. Lorenzo in Miranda, San- a Maria Maggiore, Santa Prassede, aracoeli, Santa Maria in Cosmedin, anta Saba, and Santa Maria in Tras- evere. This will end you up in the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere, where there are two renowned res- aurants at both of which you can sit n the sidewalk and be entertained y roving musicians. Both are good, o take your choice.

THEN comes the Renaissance, which arted from the Byzantine and re- urned to the classic for its inspira- ion. Here you should start with the Sistine Chapel, not only for the mas- er work of Michelangelo, but also for he frescoes by Botticelli, Pinturichio, nd Ghirlandaio, and while you are here in the Vatican don't miss the Raphael rooms. Nearby in the Castel Sant' Angelo are the well-preserved partments of Clement the Seventh where he was imprisoned in 1527. The Farnese Palace and its playhouse across the river, the Farnesina, are ewels of this great period, as is also he ornate Palazzo Spada. This is a Renaissance day which rightly calls for a Florentine meal to top it off. I would recommend a juicy steak at Nino's in the via Borgognona, and I would pour olive oil over it the way Benvenuto Cellini used to do.

By this time you are ready to eat he dessert and enjoy it. Had you tried t as a first course you might have found it cloying. The baroque period reached its flamboyant pinnacle under he influence of the mighty Bernini. The apotheosis of this art form is the interior of St. Peter's. Start there. Next I should go to the Casino Borghese, in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, which houses a fine col- lection of paintings and the best of Bernini's sculpture. If by this time you have the feel of the baroque and its derivations from Michelangelo and Caravaggio you can go hog-wild, what with S. Ignazio and its rococo piazza, the Spanish Steps, Bernini's masterpiece, little S. Andrea, facing the Quirinal Palace, and, most glori- ous of all, the Piazza Navona with its three fountains by Bernini, which can be gazed at in solid comfort while eating at the Tre Scalini.

If any time remains after that meal you may walk on the Gianicolo and view the panorama of the city, or go dancing at the Osteria del Orso.

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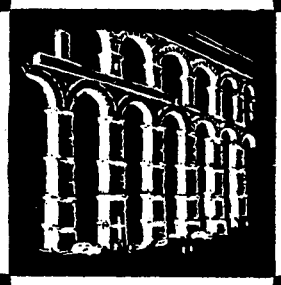

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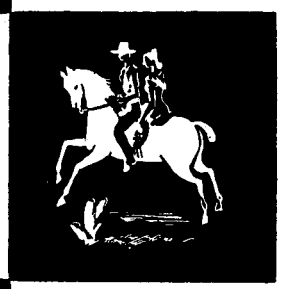

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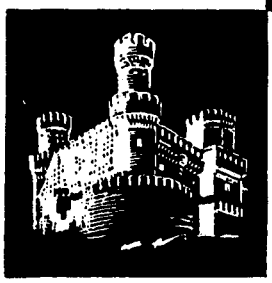

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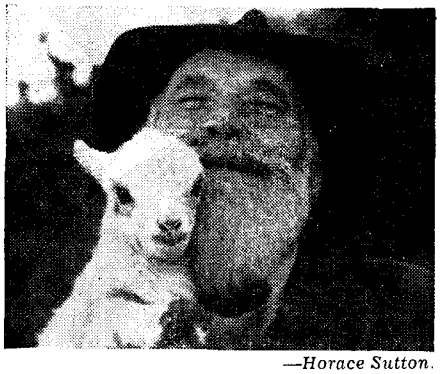

—Horace Sutton.

Mediterranean faces (from top to bottom): a Lebanese, a Turk, a Spaniard, a Sicilian, a Corsican—and a goat.

Across the Aegean

By WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE

GREECE and Turkey are, in my opinion, the two most rewarding countries in the world to visit. (Of course, I haven't seen all of them.) Why?

Well, take Greece first.

To see Athens flooded in clear, bright, warm sunlight, its thousands of stucco houses and handsome public buildings, its excavated hillsides, its bare, rounded mountain tops, the color of faded white silk, and the creamy, graceful columns of the Parthenon against the serene, blue, blue sky;

To have lunch in one of the innumerable restaurants or tavernas on Phaleron Beach, just outside Athens, your feet practically in the sea, for the Aegean has no tide, only small waves switching their furry tails across that strip of beige sand, and to eat baby octopus with all their hundreds of feet—or perhaps thousands—fried as crisp as fresh corn flakes, and a fine green salad of maroulia (even Kentucky's Bibb lettuce doesn't touch it) seasoned with garlic and olive oil . . . and, I almost forgot, those tiny, shriveled, black olives for which Greece is so famous, the pits of which you never guiltily have to count, but simply pitch into the sea;

To sit on Sunday morning at a little table in Constitution Square, across the street from those excellent hotels, the Grand Bretagne (affectionately called "The G.B.") and the St. George, and watch hundreds of men, drinking, as always, glasses of cold, clear water, and arguing at the top of their voices, about politics all the while women pass by with baskets brimming with bunches of violets and children hopscotch between the tables with red and yellow balloons;

To wake up on any morning in Delphi and to walk out on the balcony of your hotel room and find yourself suspended above a tremendous cavern, thousands of feet deep, its floor puffed like an old-fashioned biscuit quilt with the rounded tops of countless, silvery green olive trees and broadening out on your right until it meets the barely discernible sea, silvery green too, except where currents of blue shine through it as if it were changeable taffeta; and to hear the faint tinkle of sheep bells; the rush of water swooshing from the town pump down the mountain right by the side of the hotel; the clop of horses' hooves; the quick, high voices of children; and, when you catch your breath, to pull a table onto the balcony and, with that soft, silvery land of olive trees and that soft, silvery stretch of sea beneath you, eat thick slices of black bread and home-made white butter and golden honey from the slopes of Hymetus and drink tiny cups of thick, black coffee;

To picnic on the shores of Sunion, far, far below that rocky promontory that rears like a ship's prow out of the Aegean to support the corroded, bleached, and broken, but ever-so-beautiful Doric columns of the temple to Poseidon, built about four hundred years before Christ;

To have oranges for dessert for every meal except breakfast; to wander in fields of marguerites and red poppies; to have your arms and rooms piled with almond blossoms, tulips, anemones, calendulas, pansies, freesias, and iris . . . ; to hoist glasses of retzina and ouyzo, crying out "Yai sou," instead of "Your health, sir," as if you were a native of the country;

To "get to know" the Greeks—the warm-hearted, hospitable, excitable, loud, unpredictable, individualistic, liberty-loving, courageous Greeks.

TO approach Turkey through the Sea of Marmora into as thrilling a harbor as you can possibly imagine with Turkey's small chunk of Europe on your left and directly across your bow, rolling and lushly green, with innumerable slim pale-gray minarets rocketing above their mosque domes, and, on your right, Asia, also with rolling sweeps of green grasses and trees and cloud-pricking minarets;

To shop in the Great Bazaar, generally acknowledged the best and biggest in the world; to tramp through old palaces of the sultans, especially the Seraglio, where the harem at one time included 2,200 women; to visit the mosques—Saint Sophia, the Blue Mosque, the Mosque of Eyoub . . . ;

To eat at those excellent restaurants Pendelli's and Abdullah's, and to order without fail yogurt kebab—small pieces of highly seasoned grilled lamb covered with yogurt and served in a soup bowl—and, if it is summer and I highly recommend summer, for

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Istanbul is cooled by the winds from the Black Sea and the Russian steppes, crisp cucumbers and full-flavored tomatoes, sliced and stacked like reclining poker chips, and, for dessert, luscious red raspberries under thick whipped cream, or some sort of melon, for Turkey grows ninety-nine kinds of melon, even a watermelon no bigger than a cantaloupe;

To journey across the land from Istanbul to Ankara, the ultra-modern capital of Turkey, and from Iskenderun to Adana and see as far as the eye can strain rich, wide fields of wheat, eggplant, sunflowers, bell peppers, tobacco, and cotton . . . ;

To have legend and history come alive as you perch on a hydrangea-banked garden terrace above the Bosporus, that narrow swift-running body of water connecting the Black Sea and all its tributaries to the Sea of Marmora and thus to the Aegean and thus to the Mediterranean and the outside world, where Jason's searching for the Golden Fleece was wrecked, and where Darius and Xenophon and too many others to mention crossed from Asia to Europe and from Europe to Asia; or, as you drive through the Golden Gate in the ancient walls of the city, where every European army bent on capturing old Byzantium or Constantinople had first to enter and every Turkish army sweeping westward across Bulgaria and Hungary and Austria had to march out; or, as you trod where the saints trod in Tarsus, old Antioch, Econium, Ephesus, Sardis, and the other towns of Asia Minor, which, as you know, of course, is a part of Turkey;

To learn at first hand about the most amazing revolution in modern history—and you can still see it going on at this very moment—in which that World War I leader, Kemal Ataturk, switched Turkey from the civilization of the East to that of the West, doing away with the despotic rule of the sultans and making her a democracy with a president and a general assembly elected by the people; separating church and state so that Islam was no longer the country's official religion; changing almost overnight the language by abolishing the Arabic script and replacing it with the Roman alphabet; obliging every Turk, old and young, to go back to school; outlawed the fez; frowned on women wearing veils; and encouraged modern manufacturing and business methods so that there is more excitement, I dare say, in Turkey than anywhere in Europe or Asia.

These are a few of the reasons why I am so partisan an admirer of Greece and Turkey.

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New Faces on an Old Sea

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

JERUSALEM doesn't really belong to the twentieth century. Jerusalem belongs to history. You see Jerusalem long before you reach it; beige and rose colored, the city seems to give an impression of medieval tranquility; she seems to nod sleepily in the sun content with her history. She is a quiet and sad city as befits a matriarch who has watched men die violently on her streets for three thousand years and who is a little weary of men spilling blood upon her face.

Just as Jerusalem belongs to history, Tel Aviv belongs exclusively to this century. Tel Aviv on the Mediterranean is a city that was born on the shifting sands of the desert only fifty years ago. The city is young, vital, lusty, and filled with laughter, and is to me the friendliest city in the world.

The hotels of the city are centered on Hayarkon Street, which parallels the white beaches. On Saturday afternoons a band plays on the beach and all of Tel Aviv gathers on the terraces of the hotels to listen and to drink coffee. You sit there and watch the bathers below—Tel Aviv is the only city on the Mediterranean that has a really fine beach—there are no beaches worthy of the name on the Riviera.

The hotels of Tel Aviv are really overgrown pensions, and because there is plenty of labor in Israel they are kept immaculately clean. None is very large. The Kaete Dan has only twenty-five rooms, but, with the exception of three or four, all have balconies. It has a good bar and a good manager, Sam Federman, who has a five-year-old son. The boy was born on May 15, 1948, the day the nation was born; he was named Israel, of course.

You can get any drink at the Kaete Dan bar that you'd get at Maxim's in Paris or at Claridge's in London or at the Colony in New York. The local products for the most part are excellent. The people of Israel are Continental in their drinking habits; they like the dry, Burgundy-type Rishon wine made in the country, and they like their local beer, which is much like English beer. Israeli brandy is not as strong as cognac, but it is smoother. Then there is Israeli gin. During the bloody days of 1948, when five Arab states were trying to smash the little democracy, Tel Aviv was crowded with American and British correspondents. Once we held a long argument as to what was the worst tasting drink in the world. Some thought Irish whiskey; one believed American rye to be the most unpalatable. Slivovitz, so highly regarded in Belgrade and Grappa, an Italian form of white mule, were put forward as candidates, but Sam Federman brushed all these aside.

"You've never tasted anything really horrible," he boasted proudly, "until you taste our Palestinian gin."

We sampled it. He was quite right.

"Ten thousand years of persecution and now this," the man from the U.P. said sadly. "It is really too much."

"People who can drink this and survive," Gene Currivan of the *Times* said, "can survive anything. For the first time I believe you'll beat these Arabs."

SUN-WASHED Tel Aviv has become the industrial and cultural center of the new country. Happily, the factories are all outside the city. Those who work on the *kibbutzum* dream of vacation time so they can see Tel Aviv. They go to the theatre and to

Sean O'Faolain on Sicily

MATTHEW ARNOLD WAS UNUSUALLY sentimental when he wrote (in "The Scholar Gypsy") of the Mediterranean that lies between "Syrtes and *soft* Sicily." This is as hard, perdurable, tough, unrelenting a country as Spain. It is heavy-lidded from heat, toil, and the pain of suppressed passion. Its most eloquent symbol is its wine. All Sicilian wines are too sweet; but it is not the sweetness that matters, it is the whence and why. Take one sip of Marsala—the somnolent port lies on the western tip of the island—and you know the why at once: you are sipping a syrup made less than ninety miles from the burning rock and sand of Africa. Some of the best Sicilian after-dinner wines—there are no really tolerable table wines—come from the island of Pantellaria, barely forty miles from the coast of Tunisia. The sweetness is due to the ruthless sun. The grapes pre-ferment on the vines. The sweetness comes from the Lion.

The air of Africa, in every sense of the word, is as inescapable as it is, in the mere sense of the breathless South, sometimes intolerable. They admit it with a shrug, thinking of their indolence, cynicism, subjectivity, fatalism, explosiveness. "We are Arabized." But this southern-oriental influence has also been effective. See it at its most beautiful and rewarding—one of the world's sights, not to be missed—in the Capella Palatina of Palermo, the work of Norman architects, of Moslem artists, not so much a building as a metaphor to be interpreted, the stone completely clothed by golden, glittering fables in mosaic. The jewel of Italian Byzantinism; an image of the Sicilian synthesis.

But Africa is only a bit of their own mosaic. A hybrid race, their blend is inextricably bewildering. For centuries East and West have balanced wildly on the fulcrum of Sicily: Greeks, Romans, Corinthians, Carthaginians, Italo-Normans, Moslems, Spanish, French. The Greek temples of Agrigento and Selinunte are scarcely less exalting than those of Greece itself. The one-horse village of Noto, a few miles from Dionysian Siracusa, contains the finest, loveliest concentration of Spanish-created Baroque in Europe barring only the little town of Lecce on the southern mainland, the so-called Florence of the South. One is pulled up with a start of delight in Palermo by corners that might be Paris. You never know where or when you are in Sicily. She never deals you a straight flush: all her hands are a jumble of civilizations and centuries. To make the circuit of this one island is to make a circuit of all the lands of the Mediterranean, to cover three millennia in three days.

When one sails out of Naples for Palermo—a comfortable and delightful approach to Sicily—one is sailing not only out of Italy but out of and behind Europe, beyond the range of its magnet into the pull of Athens, Alexandria, and the coasts of the East.

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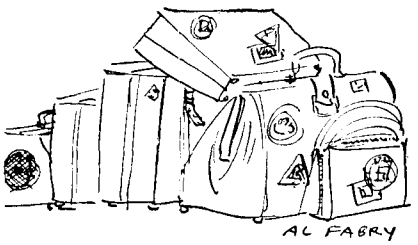

e movies, but mostly they go to con-
rts. Visitors are always amazed at
e superb music presented by such
rectors as Jasha Horenstein, and
ey fall under the spell of truly great
loists like Pina Salzman. Leonard
ernstein has conducted here, and
eifetz has played, and both had to
e at their best, for the people of Tel
viv are, with the possible exception
the people of Salzburg, the most
usic-knowledgeable audiences in
ıe world.

Tel Aviv gets up early, so there is
ttle late night life. But if you get to
ıow a singer, a musician, an actor, or
writer he will take you to The
assitt on Dizengof Street, which is
ɔen practically all night. When mem-
ers of the symphony finish a per-
ɔrmance and when actors take their
ows they go to The Kassitt for sand-
iches and coffee, and they talk of
ymphonies to be written or dream of
lays to be produced. Someone will
ɔ to the piano and play softly, and
ıen someone else will start to sing
ıd everyone stops talking. It may
e Shoshana Damari, one of the great
nging stars of Israel; it may be a
oungster hoping that some producer
resent will be struck by his or her
bvious talent. Actors like Raphael
latchkin and Joseph Sukeinik may
et up and do bits from plays they've
een in, and they flush happily at the
pplause from their fellow artists.

You don't have to know any lan-
uage but English to get along in Tel
viv. The men who own the shops on
llenby Road (the Fifth Avenue of
ıe city) all speak English; so do the
utchers, the bakers, and the candle-
tick makers in the stores on Ben
ehuda Road (the Lexington Avenue
f the city). You may be disappointed
ı the shops. For the most part they
ell only local products. You'll find it
ıard, for instance, to find a bottle of
rpège or Chanel No. 5.

"Why don't you import these
tems?" you may ask a shopkeeper.

"We have only one import in Tel
viv," he will smile.

"What's that?" you ask curiously.

"People," he'll say gently. "Just
ɔeople. . . . We import people who
ıave no other place to go. That is the
ɔnly reason for our existence. And
ɔeople are more important than per-
ume. At least," he will add almost
ıpologetically, "we think so."

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The Paris-Broadway Exchange

By HENRY HEWES

LOOKING over a recent prospectus of seventy attractions that appeared to have a reasonable chance of reaching Broadway this season, we came up with this distribution:

Fifteen from France (including one revival, one operetta, and one musical comedy); thirteen by new American playwrights; eleven by established American playwrights (including four in collaboration with a writer from another medium); nine by American playwrights with only one previous play on Broadway; seven by British playwrights; seven musical comedies by American writers (including one revival and one new opera); three revues; three revived plays by dead playwrights; two one-man shows.

Such a large percentage of French imports is surprising and would seem to suggest that the Paris theatre is the richest in the world.

In one sense it is. The frugal French spend little on scenery or lighting, and yet they keep their top admission price up to $3 as opposed to the British $2.10. Their fifty-five theatres (most of them small) are spread over seven or eight different districts in Paris, and almost every kind of attraction from the Folies-Bergère to an existentialist play by Jean-Paul Sartre can find itself an audience of its own which will support it. Thus, very few ventures become financial catastrophes of any great magnitude.

Under these conditions the French have encouraged and developed playwrights who tend to be more individual and more provocative than our present crop in America. Here a playwright who wishes to make a living must aim for one large Broadway audience that insists on smoothed edges and repeated formulae. And, though he may just barely keep us awake in the theatre, he rarely runs the risk of interrupting our sleep a half-hour later.

No wonder that intelligent American producers find themselves so stimulated by a French play that they lose their heads and decide to bring it to New York. Of course, once back in the Broadway climate they come to their "dollars and—" senses and begin smoothing the edges and twisting the play into a proven pattern. Then everyone is disappointed when the play opens and "has lost something in translation."

FOR this reason French theatre is apt to be better if seen in Paris. Americans with only a partial command of the French tongue should, of course, make an effort to familiarize themselves with the play beforehand. The task is not too difficult because French plays are printed in inexpensive paperbound editions that range in price from thirty cents to just over a dollar. (There is one theatre, the Comédie-Wagram, which supplies its patrons with earphones through which they can listen to an English translation of the dialogue as it is spoken. The effect is a bit weird, sort of like seeing a play by wire-tap. And sometimes it is quite humorous. Last summer I can remember a moment when several thugs in a play by Georges Arnaud broke into some violent French argot. The very formal announcer said, "You dirty bast— I say, this *is* a rather mild translation!")

If the American traveler will get hold of a Paris Weekly Information booklet a week or two before his trip he will probably find a dozen or so plays that he can read in English. For instance, now playing in Paris are: "Dial M for Murder," "The Rose Tattoo," "No Exit," "Tovarich," "My Three Angels," "The Fourposter," "Rope," De Montherlant's "The Master of Santiago," and a great many classics by Molière, Racine, Corneille, De Musset, Marivaux, and Shakespeare.

Also in this category are scheduled productions of "Peter Pan," "The Crucible" (as adapted by Marcel Aymé), "Lorenzaccio," "Danton's Death," and "Richard II." The last three will be presented in Paris in November when Gérard Philippe rejoins Jean Vilar's company. Booked for later on in the year is a translation by Jean Anouilh of "Desire Under the Elms".

M. Anouilh has also written a new play in French called "Jeanne d'Arc," which is due for a Paris premiere. Meanwhile his "Colombe," which was a Paris success a couple of years back with Danièlle Délorme, will come to Broadway in December with Julie Harris in the title role.

Broadway is likewise expecting two hits currently running in Paris. They are "The Dazzling Hour," with Kent Smith and Olivia de Havilland in the parts now being performed in Paris by Pierre Blanchar and Helène Bellanger; and André Roussin's "Helène" (he is the author of "The Little Hut" reviewed on page 29).

The late Ugo Betti, whose "The Gambler" aroused some excitement on Broadway last year, is represented in Paris by both that play and "L'Ile des Chèvres." Julien Green's "Sud" and Jean Giraudoux's "Siegfried" are also held over in the metropolis from last season.

With the possible exception of Pierre Brasseur in Alexandre Dumas' "Kean," a play based on the life of the famous actor, the most anticipated Paris theatrical event is the repertory season of the Jean-Louis Barrault-Madeleine Renaud company. They have already opened triumphantly with Paul Claudel's "Christophe Colomb." This will be followed by Giraudoux's last play, "Pour Lucrèce," Kleist's "Penthilisée," and Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard." In their 200-seat studio theatre, which will have the same size proscenium opening as

• **"Colombe," by Jean Anouilh, a Paris success coming soon to America.**

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their large theatre, thereby making it feasible to move a play from one to the other, they will do "The Oresteia" and several plays by new playwrights.

Another source of excitement in Paris is Roland Petit and his new ballets: "Le Loup" by Jean Anouilh and "Lady in Ice" by Orson Welles. Rumor has it that Leslie Caron will join the troupe and that Sol Hurok will bring them to a Broadway theatre around the first of the year. Miss Caron's presence may partially offset the loss of Renée Jeanmaire, who is contracted to appear here this season in a musical comedy entitled "The Girl in the Pink Tights."

Visitors to the Mediterranean via Paris should remember that Paris is not all of the French stage. Michel Saint-Denis, who directed the Old Vic "Oedipus" with Sir Laurence Olivier, is operating a theatre in Strasbourg, and there is a playhouse in Toulouse with an excellent reputation. Finally, not to be overlooked are little theatrical curiosities to be discovered for oneself, such as the puppet Guignol in Lyons, or Marcel Marceau, or the Théâtre Daunou. For the French in their theatre as in their cooking have specialties for individual tastes. It is not their fault if when we import them we make them into a nondescript hash.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

SEAN O'FAOLAIN, an Irishman who deviates from the Auld Sod to write about Italy, has done that very thing in "An Autumn in Italy," reviewed elsewhere in this issue. **QUENTIN REYNOLDS** recorded the birth of Israel in "Leave It to the People," and is currently writing about spies in "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk." **DOROTHY THOMPSON,** longtime political seer, does a three-a-week for the Bell Syndicate. **WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE** followed her husband, Mark Ethridge, on diplomatic missions, came home with "Let's Talk Turkey" and "It's Greek to Me." **PAUL HYDE BONNER,** as an American diplomat, gathered material on Rome for "SPQR," and later on Paris for "Hotel Talleyrand." **ELIOT ELISOFON** has shot his way, photographically, throughout the Mediterranean for *Life* magazine on many occasions and supervised the color photography in "Moulin Rouge," **ARTHUR KNIGHT, JAMES THRALL SOBY,** and **HENRY HEWES** regularly assess the movies, art, and the theatre, respectively, for this magazine. This Mediterranean Section is a project of *SR*'s Travel Department, of which **HORACE SUTTON** is editor.

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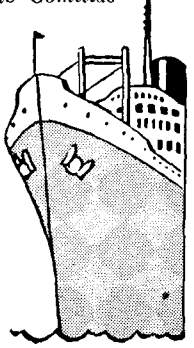

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Dorothy Thompson on Egypt

FROM ALMOST ANY point of view—archeological, cultural, social, and political—Egypt is one of the world's most fascinating countries. Along with its neighbors of the Middle East it is the cradle of human civilization. What we know of its prehistoric origins is revealed only in tradition and myth, and even the original Egyptian race is obscure. It has itself been the origin of conquests and has been a crossroad of empire for as long as history is recorded. It has been ruled by Persians, Greeks, pagan and Christian Romans, Ottoman Turks, Frenchmen, and Britons. Its people are an extraordinary blend of native, Eastern-Caucasian, African, and Western races, and every rule has profoundly influenced their culture. They are not, in a racial sense, Arabs. But along with most of the rest of the Middle East, they speak Arabic and belong, in overwhelming majority, to the Islamic faith. Since World War II they have become the leaders of the Arab world.

Egypt is composed of layer on layer of human cultures. That the early Egyptians possessed engineering knowledge never since recovered is attested by the mysterious Pyramids. Right now a vast necropolis is being excavated around one of the lesser but oldest pyramids which reveals that seven thousand years before Christ Egyptians built in stone, sculptured in bronze, made exquisite household utensils, and used cosmetics.

One can learn more from the great museums in Cairo than from volumes of history. But no one should visit Egypt without first familiarizing himself with its main epochs. And in viewing ancient buildings one should not disregard Egypt's beautiful modern architecture.

Egypt (like the rest of the Middle East) is a country of immense contrasts, where splendor—ancient and modern—jostles incredible squalor. The impact of the industrial revolution has inspired a more revolutionary ferment than any formal "ideology." The universal demand for self-government is confronted by the fact of almost universal illiteracy. The year-old revolution engineered by the new Government, a junta of young and progressive officers, seeks to bridge the gap between rich and poor, while fully realizing that wealth, to be effectively shared, must first be created. Modern Egypt looks toward the West for political and social ideas, capital, and technology, and withholds herself from the West in memory of former interventions and fear of entangling military alliances. Enlightened Egyptians believe in democracy, but are compelled by the social structure of the country to resort to dictatorship for social reform.

In Egypt there is both a sense of emergency and a sense of the protean nature of time. It is a country upon whose contemporary activities the ages are forever looking—and seeming to say, "This, too, will pass."

It is a country to which, I at least, very American and very Western, am drawn over and over to return.

The Islamic Tradition

Continued from page 19

serve, and a source of vitamins. From India the Arabs brought a new kind of numerals along with the concept of zero and the place system. These innovations made ordinary arithmetic easier and higher mathematics possible, facilitating both trade and navigation.

Most basic of all the Arab imports was the knowledge of a new process, crucible steel smelting. This had been used in Southern India for over a thousand years before the Arabs settled in that country. The Romans had imported small discs of it, weighing no more than two pounds apiece, but they had never found out how it was made. These mushroom-shaped ingots were composites of several tiny buttons of steel, separately smelted and fused together. When such a disc was forged into a weapon, the ripples on the blade surface revealed its origin. The Arabs found out how to make this steel and carried the secret of the process to Damascus and Toledo. This steel was needed not only for good swords, but also for carriage springs, which increased land travel in Europe, and for watch springs, which permitted the invention of the chronometer, as well as for compass needles also required in navigation. From Toledo the knowledge of the Indian crucible steel process was carried to the Rhinelands and to England, where it was improved through the use of giant bellows pumped by waterpower. Thanks to the Arabs, the modern steel industry—and the Industrial Revolution which followed—had its start.

AN equally important contribution of the Arabs lay in the field of education. Back in the days of Plato and Aristotle each philosopher was supposed to know everything. Students who enrolled at the Academy or a similar institution would listen to the same man, day in and day out, in an attempt to duplicate his knowledge. No man is genius enough to keep track of every development as learning grows, particularly in the sciences. Yet what Aristotle knew is astounding. When the Arabs conquered Egypt early in the eighth century the Greeks of Alexandria were teaching Aristotelian philosophy in a school called the Museum. Since the Arab political system called for a complete hands-off policy toward the cultural activities of Christians and Jews, the conquerors let the Greeks keep on with their teaching undisturbed. Meanwhile in Athens, Byzantium, and

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Rome the pall of Christian bigotry had fallen over the academies and the old liberal learning was in a decline.

A few years after 972 A.D. the Arabs founded a university of their own, called al-Azhar, in Cairo. It is still flourishing. The writings of the Greek philosophers, translated in Syria and Iraq by Christian subjects of the caliphs, were taught in al-Azhar in Arabic. Soon universities were founded in Fez, Cordova, Paris, Bologna, and Oxford. What distinguished these educational institutions from Plato's Academy and the Alexandrian Museum was that a division of labor in learning had been added.

THIS innovation was as profound in its implications as the earlier divisions of labor made by man between the work of men and women, young and old, and between different kinds of craftsmen. Now that scholars could specialize science could progress. The Arabs started this because they were more division-of-labor conscious than Europeans and because, being merchants, they were interested in applied sciences such as chemistry, ceramics, the mathematics of navigation, and geography. Unlike the Greeks, they did not consider the techniques of the artisan class unworthy of mention.

Their interest in chemistry stimulated men like Roger Bacon to work on the correct formula for explosive gunpowder, and at length he found it. Cannon now replaced crossbows, and Western Europeans were in a position to conquer the world. But since the Turks had moved into the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean and blocked the road to the East, and as they also had cannon, the Portuguese and Spaniards, who had learned much from the Arabs, set their minds on the sea. In 1419 A.D. Prince Henry the Navigator founded an academy at Sagres, Portugal, to improve existing methods of navigation. There a company of scholars and captains headed by a Jew and staffed by Arabs and Christians pooled its efforts, improving instruments of navigation such as the compass (made with Arab steel), the quadrant (a refinement on the Arab astrolabe), and charts based on the reports of Arab geographers and drawn up with the use of Arab mathematics.

During the very same year that the Spaniards threw the Arabs and Jews out of Spain Christopher Columbus—an Italian in the employ of the Spanish crown—discovered the New World. So we Americans can thank the Islamic tradition for our numerals, our knowledge of Greek science, our steel industry, and the discovery of the country in which we live. It is a heavy debt.

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From Revolution to Freedom

Ignazio Silone's "A Handful of Blackberries" *(translated by Darina Silone. Harper. 314 pp. $3.50) tells of the awakening of a Communist to the fact that the triumphant Party becomes a tyranny. Thomas G. Bergin, head of the department of Spanish and Italian at Yale, here examines it in the context of its author's whole work.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

THE position of Ignazio Silone, a humble, modest man and a devoted patriot, is unique among contemporary Italian men of letters. His personal qualities and the unquestioned purity of his political motivation have won him universal respect, and in a period like the present when all Italian writers whose work has any political implications at all, whether Communists, Liberals, or Demo-Christians, at least agree in their anti-Fascism, it is remembered that his "Fontamara," a deadly indictment of the Mussolini regime, appeared at a time when such an attitude was rarer and more dangerous. To his own generation at least he is a symbol of the long, corrosive, and eventually victorious battle against despotism.

Yet, considered as a novelist Silone is paradoxically much better-known and much more highly esteemed outside of Italy than he is by his own compatriots. For one thing, his work in creative writing has been overshadowed by the new writers who have come to the forefront since the end of World War II, many of them, it must be admitted, with more original techniques and some of them, at least, with a surer hand as artists, while Silone himself in recent years has neglected art for politics. Another thing against him has been the resentment which the returning emigre always faces; no matter what his sacrifices or sufferings may have been, those who have stayed at home and more or less conformed are all too prone to mutter that the exile has really lost touch. The critic Luigi Russo reveals this attitude when he says of Silone (somewhat cruelly and I think a little unjustly): "His fame as a writer grew up abroad, for reasons unrelated to art or literature." "A Handful of Blackberries," which appears in its English version, very faithfully translated by the author's wife a year after publication in Italy, affords an opportunity to assess his strength and weakness as a novelist and to attempt some kind of estimate of his contribution to Italian letters.

The content of Silone's work is always up to date; he does not deal with the past, nor does he concern himself with surrealistic fables. There is, to be sure, allegory in his art but it is allegory in the broad sense and the events on which it is based are of our time and easily identified with a precise milieu. "Everything I have happened to write up to now and probably everything I shall ever write is concerned with the same district," he tells us, "the district where I was born."

Yet, while Silone's content is contemporaneous, his approach is the old-fashioned one of the standard nineteenth-century novelist. He draws directly on his own experience and so for him, as for a Verga (with whom he has much in common) or a Dreiser or a Zola, his own biography is highly relevant. It must be the point of departure for a study of his art.

SECONDINO TRANQUILLI, who was later to adopt the pen name of Ignazio Silone, was born on May 1, 1900 in the province of Aquila in the region of the Abruzzi. The symbolic-minded may see some prophetic symbolism in the date of his birth; those who know Italy will have half the clue to Silone's character in his birthplace. The Abruzzi is a region in the very heart of Italy, yet to most Italians no less than to foreigners it has a connotation of the remote and the pastoral. It is hard to reach, even from Rome, although it is not very far away; it has lofty mountains and no great cities and its people have the heroic virtues of the Sardinians or the inland Sicilians or the Calabrians, but, though once a part of the old Bourbon kingdom, they have escaped the corrupting influences of the centuries of oppression that have affected many regions of the south. It is a sober folk of feudal traditions, hardworking, taciturn, and deeply religious; "poor in secular history" as Silone says, it has not made many notable contributions to literature if we except D'Annunzio. At first glance the flamboyance of the great Gabriele who died Prince of

Italy / Fiction

THE DISCOVERY by Americans of a talented writer named Alberto Moravia caused a postwar boom in Italian fiction, a phenomenon which led to the mistaken belief that Italy was undergoing a formidable literary renaissance. The truth is that writers like Moravia, Pavese, Soldati, and Palazzeschi had been active on the literary scene even under Fascism. The so-called renaissance was really a discovery by us that there was a modern Italian literature. But it is true that even before the war translations by Pavese and others of the works of leading American authors had already begun to influence the work of the younger Italian writers; it is to men like Pratolini and Berto that we must now turn for evidence of any new trends in modern Italian fiction.

These younger writers have almost without exception focused their attentions upon problems arising out of the war and the upheavals resulting from the defeat. If there is any dominant preoccupation common to all of them then it is very definitely to be found in their examination of a postwar society in which the vast majority of Italians still suffers from want, hunger, and deprivation. Some of the work of these young writers has recently been published in the United States; books by still unknown authors like Zatterin, Rombi, and Rimanelli will soon be finding their way into print. It is these younger writers who will provide a truer indication of any genuine literary renaissance.

Italy was also the setting for some American wartime novels by authors like John Hersey and John Horne Burns. Since the liberation the country has attracted quite a large group of young expatriate writers and we are soon going to have a new crop of novels set in Italy by writers most of whose names are still unknown to us. Several of these novels have already been accepted for publication and it will be interesting to see if any of them have anything to say.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

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Montenevoso may seem a far cry from the high seriousness of Silone, but the D'Annunzio who wrote the grim tales of the peasants of Pescara and the simple tragedy of the Daughter of Iorio (two items in his far too extensive canon which seem sure to be immortal) is a recognizable brother under the skin. Silone's family seems to have been reasonably well off by local standards and could afford to give the boy a good education in a Catholic private school, but his youthful associations were with the peasantry.

The "Columbia Encyclopedia of Modern European Literature" tells us that in the great earthquake of 1915 his mother and five brothers perished. In his chapter of "The God That Failed" he chooses to remember only that the catastrophe was the occasion of his first journalistic efforts; he wrote three articles for the Socialist paper *Avanti* on the malpractice of the contractors who were in charge of the work of reconstruction.

SOME time after this event Silone removed to Rome and embarked on a career of polemical journalism. He had a share in the formation of the Italian Communist party in 1921 and made a number of short trips to Russia in the years that followed. The Fascists caught up with him when he was working as editor of a labor paper in Trieste, and between 1922 and the middle Thirties he wandered about as a fugitive, at first hiding in his native Abruzzi, later living in Germany, and finally coming to rest in Switzerland, which remained his refuge until (in 1944) he was able to return to Italy. In 1946 he assumed the editorship of *Avanti* and has, since the war, taken an active part in politics: one may classify him as a right-wing Socialist though with ideas of his own. "I do not conceive Socialist policy as tied to any particular theory" he writes, "but to a faith."

From his base in Switzerland, Silone wrote continuously and industriously: a history of the origin and development of Fascism, a somewhat ponderous but pointed satire, "The School for Dictators," and other items, but it was "Fontamara" (1930) which brought him fame. That pithy, economical, biting work had a political objective and hit the dictatorship in one of its more vulnerable spots, puncturing the pompous fiction of the Fascist benevolence toward the peasantry.

But the literary merits of the work transcended its political value, the *cafoni* (yokels) of the Abruzzi were depicted sympathetically but not sentimentally, their speech and their

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psychology were faithfully portrayed, the harshness of their lives and the humble heroism of their struggles made them live before our eyes as no peasant had lived since the days of Verga's Sicilians. They differed from Verga's nineteenth-century *contadini* in their dim awareness of their plight and their vague feeling that, in political terms something could be done.

They were authentic twentieth-century peasants, aware of problems, not yet aware of how to solve them, still feudal, still asking only the minimum of life, but in their uneasiness groping for solidarity and security. The book was translated into twenty-two languages and had a worldwide impact; it probably remains Silone's best novel.

The skill in treatment of peasant mentality has continued to be Silone's greatest asset as a creative writer. The success or failure of his subsequent novels, viewed solely as works of art, has depended on the nature of the "message" of each of them and, of course, on the degree of skill with which this message was woven into the action and characterization. Silone confesses that he has been less concerned in his writing with "serene esthetic enjoyment" than with the obsessive "need to testify." "Bread and Wine" (1935) was a more ambitious work than "Fontamara" and some critics applauded it for the lyricism of its style and the humanitarian attitude it revealed, yet it could give no affirmative answer to the desperate question "What shall we do?" with which "Fontamara" had ended. In the sequel, "The Seed Beneath the Snow" (1942), the Franciscanism of Pietro Spina (protagonist and thinly disguised version of Silone himself) blurs the characterization and the impact of the work as a whole and leaves the reader somewhat dissatisfied.

IN "A Handful of Blackberries" there are similar defects although the construction is a good deal tighter. This novel, to summarize the plot briefly, is the story of a man who has worked for years—during Fascism and during the partisan movement—as a member of the Communist Party, sacrificing his comfort and even his calling (for he had intended to be a priest) to fight against tyranny. He discovers that once triumphant the Party becomes a tyranny itself and he has no choice but to leave it. As such magnetic personalities must, he has led others astray too, including the friendless refugee girl with whom he has fallen in love. The painful dissension between the lovers is resolved when the girl learns to what savage length the Party will go to punish a backslider. The problems of the central characters are real enough, yet the work is not as convincing as it might be. One finds it hard to understand why the hero has taken so long to become disillusioned with Communism (after all, Silone himself broke with the Party as early as 1930), nor is it quite clear what is going to take the place of political action in a a man whose life has had no other purpose. Furthermore, like "The Seed Beneath the Snow," this work is too wordy, and the dialogue has a muffled literary flavor.

Yet there are things in "A Handful of Blackberries" to admire: there is a rich gallery of provincial types, wider in range than that offered us in "Fontamara," and an undercurrent of irony, sharp rather than bitter. But the book's greatest value—and an aspect that should assure it a wide and sympathetic audience—is as a human document, revealing as it does the dilemma of decent humanitarians who have lost faith in their political instruments. The novel ends on a serene note but the problem remains a live one—if not for the protagonist, at least for the thinking liberals of today, particularly but not exclusively for the Italian Socialists in these trying years. How to compromise the urgent demands of social action and reform in a poverty-stricken land with some of the casual freedoms of Western Christianity. Silone has given his whole life to the cause of freedom; what he has to say about the struggle to attain it must be listened to with respect, even if the vehicle for his thought is not always artistically perfect.

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Book of Three Differences

"Dinner with the Commendatore," by Mario Soldati *(translated by Gwyn Morris and Henry Furst. Alfred A. Knopf. 273 pp. $3.50), is a collection of three stories, supposedly the reminiscences of a retired Italian opera impresario who has lived a full and passionate life.*

By Harrison Smith

THAT the rich cellar of contemporary Italian literature has not been exhausted is proved by the publication of Mario Soldati's "Dinner with the Commendatore." Here is a book with the flavor of a strong vintage wine kept in the bottle at the right temperature for the requisite number of years for the benefit of reflective connoisseurs who do not care for violent drinks. Like many European writers, Soldati is talented in more than one direction: he is a novelist, art critic, a radio lecturer, and motion-picture director, and his book evidences a reflective and mature mind deeply involved in the oddities and depravities of human behavior.

The book consists of three stories, presumably written by a very old man, a retired opera impresario once famous in Europe and America, who just before his death had given them to Soldati for publication. Though Soldati is only forty-six, he has been able to write these penetrating glimpses into the mind and memories of the aged Commendatore as if he were twenty-five years older, a man once passionate but now at peace with himself, intensely curious about the hidden secrets of others and yet a kindly and generous inquisitor. It was a daring venture, for old age and its memories of people and incidents long forgotten do not appeal to readers of the present generation. There is a trace of the macabre and a tinge of cruelty in these three stories of unbalanced, perverted men and obsessed women which lend to the book an air of excitement and interest.

In "Green Jacket" the illustrious impresario was producing an opera to inaugurate the Spring Musical Festival in Rome. The conductor he had signed up was one of the most highly paid in Europe, but almost at the beginning of his first rehearsal he left the podium on the pretense of being ill and declared that he could not continue. To discover the source of his astonishing behavior required the subtlest investigation into his motives, and the center of it proved to be the tympanist, an insignificant and egotistic little man. The story went back to the war when the conductor met him in a monastery where they were hiding until the Allies drove back the retreating enemy. The drummer was pretending to be a great composer, and his illustrious companion with the best of intentions cruelly played on his vanity to such an extent that years later he could not face the revelation of his own identity.

"The Father of the Orphans" is in the same vein. The Commendatore had known for many years the director of Italy's celebrated La Scala, "a man devoted to his work and his exceedingly private pleasures." He had attempted to keep them secret, though it was known to a few that he was both a homosexual and an erotomaniac. Suddenly he completely altered the course of his life and established an asylum for homeless young children which he directed himself. The Commendatore visited him and slowly there emerged the pattern of the man's mind and the cause of this extraordinary metamorphosis. It is not a pleasant story, but it again betrays the strange mixture of cruelty and kindness that runs through Soldati's work. "I . . . saw," he writes, "what his life would have been in the past if instead of a rigorous discipline in his work and a rigorous secrecy in his pleasures, he had mingled work with pleasure in the frankness, instinctiveness, and romanticism of debauchery." In that phrase Soldati seems to have invented a definition of debauchery unknown in any dictionary.

"The Window" is in a slightly different vein. The Commendatore in his old age returned to London in the hope that the woman he had loved in the past might marry him, though for years she had been infatuated with an utterly worthless Italian artist who had lived on the generosity of the women with whom he had lived. For years he had been lost to their sight, but she was still enamored of his memory. "The *Italian* Italian," Soldati writes bitterly, "lazy, inept, brilliant, fickle, the Italian whom foreign men despise and fear

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By THURMAN PRICE

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and foreign women despise and adore, had always been, throughout the long years I worked abroad, my torment, my cross, my nightmare." To the reader it may seem that, while the fictitious Commendatore can penetrate through the fog of masculine sexual behavior, he is completely baffled by a woman's amorous entanglement with a man who, worthless in every other respect, was able to give to women the illusion of enduring love.

EARTHBOUND COMET: Goffredo Parise is an ultra-sensitive young man whose first novel, **"The Dead Boy and the Comets"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3), is a muddled, confused mishmash of poetic symbolisms, surrealisms, stream-of-consciousness episodes, completely gratuitous horrors, and just plain bad writing. The nameless dead boy of the title apparently represents the author and the comets, I think, represent God. After the first hundred pages Parise's necrophilic and homosexual tendencies become first blatantly repulsive, then, after the second hundred pages, hilarious. Occasionally one stumbles across brief passages of some poetic feeling and beauty, but these are rare indeed. If Parise's object was to reveal his innermost thoughts and feelings, it can only be hoped, for his sake, that he failed. Marianne Ceconi, the translator, has done a heroic job in trying to make some sense out of the whole damp mess. —W. M.

GEMS FROM SICILY: The Grove Press has done us all an immense service by courageously reprinting Giovanni Verga's **"Little Novels of Sicily"** ($3) in the meticulous translation by D. H. Lawrence. Verga has long been recognized, along with Manzoni, as the most important Italian writer of the nineteenth century. He is certainly entitled to that distinction. This volume, perhaps his best, is a collection of short stories about his native Sicily, the east coast of the island around Etna and the plains of Catania.

Although all the stories can stand independently of each other, they are linked together by the recurrence of certain characters, by the locale, and by the last autobiographical sketch, "Across the Sea." Verga's Sicily is the impoverished land of the 1850's and -60's, the period just before the first large-scale emigrations to America. Verga succeeds completely in recreating the beauty and simplicity of this primitive land, the hopes and despairs of its colorful people, the terrifying poverty, squalor, and oppression in which they live. The "Little Novels of Sicily" is a work of art. —W. M.

Fiction / Spain

IN SPITE of the fact that modern Spanish literature is today subjected to the pressures of both an official and an ecclesiastical censorship, there are in Spain today some young novelists and poets of talent and promise. These writers, most of whom are under the age of forty, have either joined the Falange or arrived at a *modus vivendi* with it. While it is obvious that such a situation cannot but limit the range of topics with which writers can deal (great care must be taken, for instance, not to insult or undermine established authority), it would be a mistake to assume that because a book meets the approval of or is tolerated by the censors it is necessarily bad. The situation is much the same as that of Italy before the liberation: writers such as Alberto Moravia had been establishing themselves long before they became known to us in America.

The best of the young Spanish writers, men such as Camilo José Cela and Dario Fernández-Florez, are today perpetuating a Spanish tradition of literary realism that has its roots in the picaresque novels of four hundred years ago. The current movement is known in Spain under the name of *tremendismo*. It has been deeply influenced by the writings of such American authors as Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Dos Passos and by the much more negative postwar approach of the French existentialists. While this modern Spanish writing is necessarily limited by the extreme pessimism inherent in *tremendismo*, it is nevertheless an authentic and honest literary expression of our time and not without value.

—W. M.

SPANISH SLICE-OF-LIFE: Camilo José Cela, the author of **"The Hive"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), is considered by some foreign critics and anti-Franco emigre writers to be one of the few important young novelists to have emerged in Spain since the Civil War. In spite of the fact that Cela fought for Franco and joined the Falangist Party, his political convictions do not seem to have influenced his work or his outlook. Cela is a leading proponent of *tremendismo*, the current Spanish "slice-of-life" method of writing. He has been a dogmatic and scornful opponent of all those "who want to disguise life with the crazy mask of literature" and "the plasters of rhetorics and poetics." It is this attitude which has occasionally plunged Cela into mild difficulties with the Spanish

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authorities and which has prevented his most characteristic novel, "The Hive," from ever being published within Spain itself.

"The Hive," originally published in Argentina and now published here in a translation by J. M. Cohen, is a collection of brief episodes and conversations taking place in Madrid during the harsh winter of 1943. By the author's own count there are some 160 characters in the book and no central theme to link any of them, except, of course, Cela's own conception of life: "The evil that corrodes the soul, the evil that has as many names as we choose to give it." While Cela certainly succeeds in achieving his desired effect, the brutal realism of "The Hive" is so completely devoid of any humanizing pity or sense of charity that it arouses no emotions but disgust. And, where Cela has succeeded as a candid camera reporter, he has not succeeded as an artist. He fails to provide any meaning for the evil and the horror that envelop his desperate people. —W. M.

PASSION PLAY: Mozares, a hamlet in present-day Spain, is the scene of Prudencio de Pereda's **"Fiesta"** (A. A. Wyn, $3.75). Erostrato Varona, an American, returns to his father's family, seeking to forget the unhappiness of a recent divorce. In Mozares he is immediately caught up in the preparations for a passion play to be given at the Fiesta of San Isidro. Five villagers contend for the role of the Christus: among them Blas, a former Loyalist, now in prison; Leandro, a Falangist; and Tomás, a farmer's son. His decision to use the passion play as his focus gives the author a valid opportunity to explore the deep-seated importance of religion among Spaniards. Since his characters comprise the full and varied spectrum of political ideology, there is no area of thought Pareda is not free to examine —an advantage he exploits with considerable skill. When Tomás is chosen for the role of Christ, Leandro threatens to use his influence with the Falange to have him arrested. At the same time Blas escapes jail, Leandro captures him, and Varona must shoot the Fascist. Aside from Varona's unconvincing love for Candelas, the nurse caring for his bedridden aunt, the rest of the book is given over to the passion play. It reaches its best moment when the villagers heap their confessed sins upon Tomás as he is crowned with thorns. Many passages are written with fervor and understanding, yet there is little empathy established between reader and narrator in this slow-footed novel. Though daringly conceived, Pareda's story is imperfectly realized. At the

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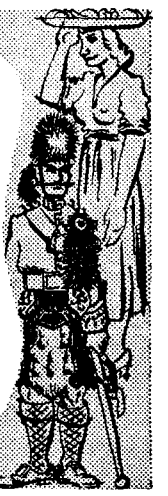

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final page, when Tomás dies on the cross, there is only disappointment, where there should be a transfiguration. —NICOLAS MONJO.

SPANISH DICKENS: Let the blurb declare that the author is another Dickens or Balzac and the reader girds himself for yet another disappointment. Spain's Pérez Galdós (who died just after World War I) is the recipient of such advance compliments on the jacket of J. M. Cohen's translation of his novel **"Torment"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), latest in the publisher's Illustrated Novel Library. But let it be quickly announced that Señor Galdós is no mere glittering fraud of huckstering hyperbole; his gleam is not of gilt but of gold.

"Torment" is a brilliant combination of humor, satire, compassion, and psychological penetration. Its scene is nineteenth-century Madrid, its story deals centrally with the tortured conscience of a simple girl who has been victimized by a depraved priest and is too frightened to confess her past to her comically shy lover, but the commentary offered by its shrewdly observant author is as timeless as it is telling. The characters of the remarkably economical Francisco de Bringas and his unctuous wife Rosalía, in whose house the simple girl (distantly related) finds employment, are drawn with genuine satiric authority. The touch of Dickens is here indeed; to it one may even add the social insights of Thackeray. —CHARLES LEE.

HAUNTED CUCKOLD: The jacket blurb for John Lodwick's novel **"Somewhere a Voice Is Calling"** (Roy Publishers, $3.50) starts right out by cheerfully informing us that "this is a fast-moving novel" about Spain. Well, it is nothing of the kind. It is a very slow-moving but, in all fairness, an occasionally extremely interesting novel about a violent English consular official haunted by the infidelities of his dead first wife and obsessed by the idea that his second wife is also about to betray him. The would-be seducer is a particularly repulsive specimen whose activities, past and present, drive the desperate husband to kill. The action takes place mostly on the island of Minorca and the mainland of Spain, but occasionally wanders across the border into Southern France. Of the 445 crowded pages my rough estimate is that only about 300 are at all relevant to the central plot. Lodwick's verbosity is a powerful argument in favor of the American conception of ruthless editing by publishers. But Mr. Lodwick is English and, therefore, presumably still free to exercise the luxury of independent authorship. —W. M.

Fiction/North Africa

SERIOUS fiction of recent years has paid scant attention to North Africa. This is all the more curious, since tens of thousands of our soldiers experienced North African life during World War II, while American tourists have consistently frequented the area. Portions of novels like Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions" and Sidney and Samuel Moss's "Thy Men Shall Fall" give sharp pictures of American GI's in action and their view of native life and customs. Along similar lines Gerald Kersh's "Faces in a Dusty Picture" presented a grim view of what warfare is like by dissecting the thoughts and reactions of a group of British soldiers before and after battle with the Italians during the desert campaign.

For a picture of peacetime high living and abysmal squalor Paul Bowles, who lived in Morocco's "international city," Tangier, and who knows both native ways and the psychology of the international set, packs excitement into "Let It Come Down," a novel brimming with sights and smells of the North African countryside. There are enormous difficulties that face the foreigner who attempts to adjust himself to the North African environment. One of the finest novels to deal with this adjustment problem is Dola De Jong's "And the Field Is the World." —S. M.

YANK BETWEEN TWO FAITHS: Propelled by the zeal of a missionary, Mark Fletcher quits polite Philadelphia society and sets up camp in North Africa. Soon his activities go beyond what the white colonists consider the proper bounds of do-goodism and almsgiving. Fletcher becomes an object of scorn as he drifts deeper and deeper into the Moslem world of Tunisia and its surroundings. In James Wellard's novel **"Deep Is the Night"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3) the adventures of a man searching to discover the spiritual resources of the Moslems are well pictured. In answer to his question "Why can't a man be a Christian and a Moslem at the same time?" he learns that the time is not now ripe for a common spiritual denominator. The more he involves himself in the Moslem world of faith and custom, expertly described by ex-correspondent Wellard, the more Fletcher complicates his life until it finally becomes a maze from which he cannot extricate himself. Wellard shows himself a good storyteller as he gives an account of Fletcher's meanderings through desert and village. —S. M.

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Fiction / Israel

BECAUSE the American Jew has been so firmly rooted in American soil and culture, Jewish writers in America rarely devoted themselves in their fiction to Zionist or Palestinian themes until the establishment of Israel in May 1948. Except for peripheral characters and comments in their novels, the yearning for Zion was limited to professionals in Zionism. Meyer Levin in 1931 produced "Yehuda," the initial English book on a Palestine theme, the communal settlement. The next important work was Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night" in 1946, and that was written by a Hungarian, not an American, Jew.

But when the Jews of Palestine became a political force a few books emerged. Murray Gitlin, in "The Embarkation" and Ernst Pawel, in "The Island in Time," wrote about Jewish refugees awaiting entry to Palestine. Curiously, the major protagonists in these novels were non-Zionists. Later, however, the pro-Zionist novels came. Meyer Levin's "My Father's House" and Michael Blankfort's "The Juggler," which are rather similar in plot, are emotional accounts of how maladjusted Jews found themselves at home in Israel. Zelda Popkin in "Quiet Street" and Helen Waren in "Out of the Dust" managed to offer exciting and impassioned accounts of actual events in the Holy Land: Miss Popkin described the siege of Jerusalem; Miss Waren narrated, as did Koestler, what happened in the pioneering settlements.

There were other themes as well. The poet A. M. Klein wrote a complex but brief work, called a novel, which emphasized the importance of the existence of the state to the Jewish psyche. It is called "The Second Scroll" and it is considered by some critics as the best book yet released on Israel. Max Brod, in "Unambo," utilized a science-fiction approach to write a Continental, philosophic novel on morality in Israel. Paul Gallico, a non-Jew, did "The Foolish Immortals," a novel which ran in *The Saturday Evening Post* and yet which is saturated with the Bible and the terrain of Israel.

Obviously, the establishment of the state has excited many otherwise dissimilar novelists. The future may yet offer a great novel on the miraculous event.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

PALESTINIAN PRISON CAMP: James Murdock has attempted, in his first novel entitled **"Ketti Shalom"** (Random House, $3.50), to illuminate a complicated political and religious situation which he can scarcely be expected—and does not—understand. As a result, his narrative, a fairly exciting account of a prison camp in Palestine and a group of desperate Jews who try to escape in order to help a thousand refugees land on forbidden Palestine soil, falters where it should soar and is lame where it should be persuasive.

Ketti is a handsome young girl, one of the refugees in the camp. She is, if Mr. Murdock's insistent prose is to be swallowed, something of a saintly girl (although he never overlooks an opportunity to describe her physical charms) who alters the outlook of everyone she meets. In order, she convinces a rather promiscuous girl to become prim; she argues an elderly rabbi (who apparently is irreligious, for some inexplicable reason) into holding services frequently; and she makes the British commander of the camp, a dashing captain, fall deeply in love with her, so deeply that he permits her to leave the camp unharmed, with those determined Jews who want to flee the camp. Of course, the British general and everyone else concerned soon realize the magic of the girl's personality and do not hold the captain's temporary weakness against him. Anyway, the girl is ultimately killed and the reader becomes aware that soon enough Israel will emerge.

Mr. Murdock's tale deals with Palestine a year prior to the establishment of the state and he indulges in a number of pages of argument (between Ketti and the rabbi) on the kind of state Israel should become. According to the novelist, the major clashes would be between the religious elements and the European Zionists who have no religion. Mr. Murdock, apart from spinning an implausible tale, is mistaken in his interpretation of the conflicting powers in Israel. "Ketti Shalom" is not an unexciting novel; but it lacks accuracy; it has only verisimilitude. —H. U. R.

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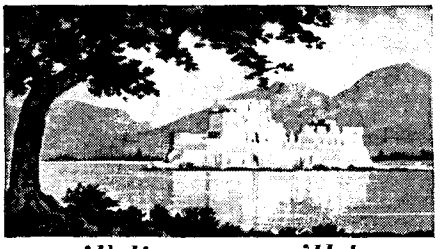

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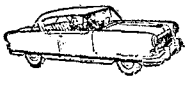

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Fiction / Greece

TODAY a country of eight million people, Greece still retains unbroken links with its ancient past, when architects and poets created their time-surviving masterpieces. Centuries of wars and exportation—forcible or otherwise—of sculpture, architectural objects, and literature have enriched the world esthetically.

Recent literature of and about Greece falls into the time-extremes of the remote past or the immediate present. Novels like "The Road to Bithynia," by Frank G. Slaughter, play up pageantry and familiar Biblical figures in Greek settings; in this case it is St. Luke. Or we have conjectural extravaganzas like Robert Graves's "Hercules My Shipmate" and John Erskine's "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," which fictionalize further the epic material of the ancients on the strength of new, scholarly findings. The handful of novels that deal with recent events mostly gravitate toward the last world war and its aftermath. One of the best was James Aldridge's "Signed with Their Honor," a novel that was born of a war correspondent's experience in Greece and gives a photographic view of British air action against the Italian planes. In a similar vein, John Cousins's "Secret Valleys" provided an unvarnished picture of war.

The most powerful novel about German-occupied Greece came from Glenway Wescott, whose "Apartment in Athens" shows the terror and havoc inflicted by the conqueror. Of most recent promise is the young Greek writer Kay Cicellis, whose novel "No Name in the Street" mirrors the postwar life of the Greek middle class. On intellectual grounds, Nikos Kazantzakis, a Greek scholar and writer, recently made his debut in this country with "Zorba the Greek," which despite its allegorical garb is pretty incisive about modern life and its values. —S. M.

Eliot Elisofon on North Africa

TUNISIA AND ALGERIA . . . gray-green, gnarled olive trees hundreds of years old hugging the grassy hills near the coast. Shepherds tending flocks of sheep and goats nibbling grass and bright red poppies alike. Further inland the tan and brown desert splashed dramatically with the bright green of the rare oasis, and on closer inspection the heavy unripe orange-colored clusters of dates dangling underneath the palm fronds. One such oasis, Gafsa, possesses a pure French Foreign Legion fort so like those in Hollywood films that were it not for the bombing of one corner by the American Rangers one would wonder if it were real. Going southward there is Tozeur on the Chott Djerid, a huge salt lake. Here are the Camel Corps wearing trousers twice too wide in the leg and fastened like ski trousers at the ankle. At Kairpuan the Mosque of a Thousand Pillars and the best rug bazaar in North Africa. In Algeria, and not too far away, the ancient city of Constantine, built on top of a small hill almost totally surrounded by a steep ravine cut by the river at its base. Roman mosaics and aqueducts testify to the town's early history. There are other Greek and Roman ruins in many places like Tebessa and Thelepte, and there is even famous Carthage, near Tunis. The best *casbah* is in Algiers . . . twisted foul-smelling streets teeming with Arabs, their women wearing face veils, and their children hounding you for coins, and following you everywhere the exotic wail of music which produced the flavors of the flamenco.

MOROCCO . . . the modern city of Casablanca built almost on top of the ancient Medina. On the one side sharp modern white houses; on the other, the old Moorish style. Not far from Casablanca is the lovely town of Rabat. On Friday the Sultan goes to prayer in a horse-drawn carriage and is preceded by a functionary waving a white handkerchief as a sign of peace. Around them are the coal-black guards dressed in the brightest red. At Marrakech there are the Atlas Mountains overhead and on the edge of town the fabled Hotel Mamounia with its elegant Moorish interiors and the too-sweet garden of flowers and fruit trees. The market is called a *suk* and it is a play of sun and shadow from the waving of the old burlap bags festooned over the narrow alleyways.

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Dilemmas of the Land

Sean O'Faolain's "An Autumn in Italy" *(Devin-Adair. 207 pp. $3.50) is the record of a visit to Naples and the southern part of the peninsula by the distinguished Irish writer. Our reviewer, Serge Hughes, is an American who grew up in Italy and has more than a few drops of Irish blood in his veins.*

By Serge Hughes

THERE are not many travelers who share Sean O'Faolain's warm humility and lack of guile. There are many who have studied more about Italy and there are some who love her as much. But to go through Italy, to seek her out in particular persons and calmly elusive places; to experience the perplexing unanswerability of some of her most commonplace questions; to do this and then to write—as Mr. O'Faolain does in "An Autumn in Italy"—without any trace of counterfeit intimacy of heart and mind is a sign of an all too rare, an aristocratic discipline. Italians are delighted, the Irish can be proud. We can reap the profits.

This is Mr. O'Faolain's second trip to Italy—he told about the first in "A Summer in Italy." It is no longer the familiar contours of Northern Italy down to the border city of Rome that are visited. It is Naples, the South, the deep South, and Sicily. That Italy which until the times of Manzoni was not known, much less visited or cared for by the majority of those who ruled, wrote, or painted for an educated Italian public. The Italy of Pirandello, Verga, Croce. Uncommunicative, unpolished victim of outrageous exploitations, but nearly always proud even to the point of sin. The Italy of the landless peasant who pick-and-shoveled in the New York subways, spoke with an amusing accent, and signed the college bills for his sons beneath the printed words with a firm, unflourished X.

This unvoiced aspect of Italy has made itself heard in our days through the moral poetry of Carlo Levi, Elio Vittorini, and Corrado Alvaro, and we in this country have not been hesitant to recognize the force of the new voices. We are involved in O'Faolain's journey. We, too, need to know the meaning of a land and people distorted and turned into caricature by sentimentalists and esthetes. Moralists and impassioned observers are what we need. Someone who will indignantly inform us that "one-half of 1 per cent of Italy's landowners hold 36 per cent of all the privately owned land in the country", that "between 1906 and 1915 there were two hundred and thirty-eight peasant émeutes, with hundreds upon hundreds killed, wounded, or arrested." That there are thousands of peasants who do not care for Communism but look upon it as necessary if ever their lot is to be somewhat improved. The Land Question is not the exclusive concern of Italy. Elections swing on it—elections, and the strength and unity of the West. The most heartening pages of O'Faolain's journey are those which describe the success of American aid in the redistribution of of the land, and the temper and caliber of the Italians who are administering the program. It is good to read that of the two contradictories, it is the U.S. contributions and not the McCarran Act which are more vividly remembered by the peasants.

Yet though political and moral observations account for the robust quality of this travel book, they do not exclude the light and poetical touch. Together with statistics and figures on unemployment and cost of living and land distribution, there are to be found sensitive appreciations of Byzantine mosaics and Norman-Lombard architecture, and an account of the stigmata of Padre Pio. Altogether, a charming and judicious book: no Italian of late has done as much for Ireland.

Moment of Meditation

By Joseph Joel Keith

HOLD the moment as a rose,
immaculate, complete, is held—
more with reverence than hand,
more of sun than land.

In each petal see the spread
for adoration, grown for all;
place pure water in a bowl
of crystal; feed the soul

on completeness never cut
from its endless source, the plan
not of the moment, nor the hour,
never limited power.

Italy
Tahiti
The World Around Us

IN 1950 WE PUBLISHED A *Summer in Italy*, a travel commentary by Sean O'Faolain. It gave as deep an insight into the Italian people, their cities, countryside, customs, history and national genius as any traveler would dare to hope for. It was a book on the northern half of Italy.

Now, in 1953, comes his book on Sicily and the South of Italy. It is *AN AUTUMN IN ITALY*, and it seems to us to outdo the first one in rich observation and atmospheric splendor. We think any Mediterranean traveler is poorly prepared without it. O'Faolain writes of the out-of-the-way places, but also he tells of the tourist spots in a delightful out-of-the-way manner.

Each of these beautifully illustrated books on Italy may be had for **$3.50.** The two together in a handsome boxed set are yours for **$7.00.**

TAHITI IS ANOTHER STORY, BUT JUST AS enchanting. George T. Eggleston, yachtsman, photographer, and *Reader's Digest* editor, wanted to see for himself the last unspoiled area in the South Pacific. Equipped with curiosity, a yearning to see new places and people, and a marvelous camera, he cruised for 1,000 miles in a 32-foot schooner among the Tahitian Islands.

TAHITI: VOYAGE THROUGH PARADISE is the result. One hundred pages of magnificent photographs, 156 pages of bracing salt-water text, many drawings, a glossary of Tahitian words, and an appendix of tips for prospective visitors—all in a 7" x 10" format —add up to a tremendous gift package for only **$6.00.**

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Tu Can't Take It With Tu

Giovanni Guareschi's "The House That Nino Built" (translated by Frances Lanza. Farrar, Straus & Young. 238 pp. $3) is an account of his happily turbulent home life by the author of the Don Camillo stories.

By Ann F. Wolfe

OF all Italy's modern renaissance writers Giovanni Guareschi is probably the most Saroyanesque. As he demonstrated in his Don Camillo stories, he has a sort of genius for creating affectionate humor and mild satire out of ordinary events in the everyday lives of his compatriots. "You, Lord, may understand humanity, but I understand Italians," was the prayer of Don Camillo, but the voice was unmistakably Guareschi's.

The Italians whom Guareschi so divertingly understands in a new collection of incidents called "The House That Nino Built" are his wife Margherita, his small son Albertino, and a self-possessed daughter of eight known as "the Duchess." There is, moreover, an unmaternal cat that wanders on and off the reservation, but it cannot be truthfully said that Guareschi understands her. In his own ailurophobe way he doesn't want to.

The title of the book is misleading, giving the impression that Nino—*i.e.*, Guareschi—is simply a Milanese Mr. Blandings. After all, Mr. Blandings had only structural problems, architects, contractors, and such to contend with. Nino had the Italian equivalent of all this and his unpredictable family, too. Long before there was a house to remodel and long after it was remodeled and occupied Margherita persisted in being either logically illogical or illogically logical. In her daily life so commonplace an incident as baking a cake or paying the milkman became a windmill to tilt with. Since the windmill was made of the pink froth of her wayward reasoning and she stubbornly led with her pretty chin, there was a mess for Nino to clean up. And did Margherita concede error? On the contrary, she put on so grand a manner and such an air of misunderstood righteousness that Nino felt like a heel.

Albertino, the factual Guareschi, was inclined to be jealous of his sister. In the new house, consequently, he and the Duchess were assigned rooms, beds, and furniture of equal size. When he was found sobbing Albertino protested: "The usual favoritism! Her light bulb has seventy-five volts and mine has only sixty!"

Of all the undersized daughters of Eve, Albertino's sister has surely the strongest will. A moppet with a "pomplex"—Duchessese for complex—she shared her mother's Machiavellian talent for having the final word. Resigned at last to living in the country, she sighed: "Us women are the ones to suffer." She remained loftily indifferent to the splendid First Communion presents that poured in on her.

But when a bottle-corking machine arrived by mistake she was charmed, spent the rest of the day corking bottles, and took the contraption to bed with her.

Nino can never win, but don't feel sorry for him. He thrives on his martyrdom and sublimates it in wistful Guareschi drawings. The tempests in his slightly cracked teapot add up to a book that is, despite unevenness and occasional archness, even funnier and gayer than the Don Camillo stories. Certainly it is an endearing book, for beneath the raillery about relationships between husband and wife and parents and children there flows the warm, strong tide of family affection.

MOROCCAN DIARY: Peter Mayne, a dapper-looking Englishman, discovered early in life what he did *not* want to do and quit the business world for a life of travel in Europe, Asia, and North Africa. **"The Alleys of Marrekesh"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) are his latest stop and he recounts his year-long ramblings there among the Moslems of French Morocco in picturesque detail. His descriptions of the bazaars, the medieval streets, and the beach read like pages torn from a diary—full of leisure and random reflection. Charcoal sellers, bartenders, masseurs, underworld characters are all part of the passing human parade which Mr. Mayne observes with varying moods of exoticism and jaundiced realism. On the political issues which have brought Morocco world headlines and U.N. debate he offers some comments which may seem un-

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duly optimistic in the light of current events. "Of course nationalism is important, but I've been through other people's nationalism before—years ago in India; and let's face it, nationalists are apt to be bores. As private individuals, I mean. It's like other people's loves. *Bores.* I can quite understand the need for freedom, or the need for love as far as that goes, and I want to be free myself—I feel that I am free, and I'm in love with this place—boringly, no doubt. But you know, in spite of the newspapers the great majority of Moors worry more about living than about concepts of government." Ennui and subjective interpretation are luxuries that only tourists can afford. —S. M.

NEW DESERT STATE: One of the political results of World War II was the establishment of Libya as a sovereign state. Defeat cost the Italians this territory, which had been taken from the Turks in 1919 and later colonized under the Fascist banners of Mussolini. The victors of 1945 had difficulties in handling the Italian colonies and eventually under the United Nations independence was granted to Libya.

The land and people of the new state are little known to the rest of the world; the small book **"Oasis Kingdom"** (Roy Publishers, $3.75), by Nina Epton, is an attempt to lift the curtain of ignorance. The author traveled to Libya, looked around mostly in coastal areas, and reported what she saw. Her book is a collection of impressions, a few fragments of history, bits of economic data, and some brief political descriptions. The pages do not produce clear reflections of Libya past or present, but some of the vivid word pictures in travelogue style are pleasant indeed.

—R. R. HACKFORD.

A POET IN ISRAEL: In the spring of 1952 the English poet Stephen Spender was invited by Youth Aliyah, a Zionist organization which has brought and supported 60,000 children from other lands to Israel, to visit Israel and describe their work. The result of Mr. Spender's trip is the perceptive and lyric **"Learning Laughter"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). It is more than a travelogue; it is a poetic report on Israel's children, its knotty problems, its cultural accomplishments and aims, its kibbutz, or communal, crisis. Mr. Spender is particularly impressive in his discussion of the role of Zionism in the lives of the men and women who are building the new state under severe hardships.

It is natural, of course, that much of the material presented here is not new to readers of more than one book on Israel. Mr. Spender, who is a man quickly impressed, underestimates the depth of the kibbutz crisis; yet his remarks on the adjustment of Oriental Jews to Israel's rapid and Westernized life are pertinent and apparently accurate. He is one of the few writers to point out that the Oriental Jews believe themselves to be superior as Jews and as Zionists to the Western Jews who condescend to them. He is also quite cognizant of the significance of the role played by American Jews in the accomplishments of world Zionism. Being a poet, he harps on the miraculous aspects of the reestablishment of Israel and says that "religion [for I believe that the impulse of Zionism is basically religious] enables the Jews to carry out a world-migration even against common sense."

Like other observers, Mr. Spender emphasizes that Israel's Jews have shed the neuroses of Diaspora Jews and have attained a worthwhile simplicity. Nevertheless, he makes the acute remark that "the spotlight of shame which always lit up their souls has gone out when they left the Diaspora, and perhaps a certain spiritual aliveness has gone as well."

Comments like these, original, provocative, and sharp, dot the Spender report and make it interesting reading for those who want to keep up with Israel's life. —H. U. R.

HOMER'S ISLES: Göran Schildt's **"In the Wake of Ulysses"** (Dodd, Mead, $4) treats the reader to an impressive cruise taken three years ago on the auxiliary ketch *Daphney,* voyaging from Rapollo in northern Italy to those Islands of Greece which were visited centuries ago by Homer's hero Ulysses. Unlike Homer's protégé, Swedish archeologist Schildt carried an engine, a motor scooter, and a wife aboard. Despite these relative comforts the trip—on sea and ventures to the interiors—was not an easy one. Yet, as one turns the pages of this travel account, wholesome reflection and rare tranquility distinguish it. Persons and places are clearly sketched and Mr. Schildt's discussions concerning Etruscan civilization, Minoan and Cretan art, and Greek philosophy provocatively relate them to present-day thought. Mr. Schildt feels strongly that travel can result in a deep and corrective experience, especially since "emotionally we are still at the stage of village patriotism for which everything outside our own front door is foreign and half hostile." Sound appreciation of cultures other than one's own is difficult to come by; Mr. Schildt provides exactly that for the Greek islands, where primitivism and civilization exist side by side. —S. M.

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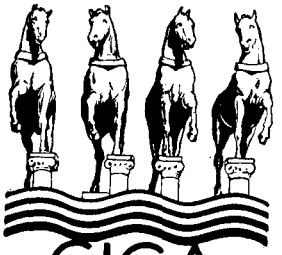

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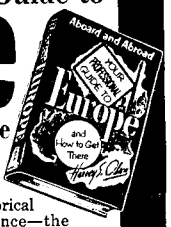

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Continued from page 18

sinister secret religion of their own, with gods who hated Rome, or perhaps hated all mankind except their chosen people.

All normal Roman citizens wanted some common worship. Historians have noticed as one of the weaknesses of the Graeco-Roman world that the only sphere in which they showed much original thought was that where philosophy merges into religion. Could not the philosophers devise a suitable world religion? Well, they tried. But their systems were too highly intellectual, too much based on abstract reason. How could the mass of men understand them? And a world religion must be based on man's instinctive wants and fears, not on his arguments. Where could it be found? The old city-state had become obsolete as an independent unit of government, so the old city-state cults were obsolete also. There was a crying need for some common religion which would unite all the inhabited world. It could not, of course, be something entirely new. It must be based on something already existing in the Mediterranean peoples. It must somehow satisfy the old primordial desire for something human or friendly behind the mass of dead phenomena—for a father to protect and to do justice, for a mother who could love and pity her children; and in all agricultural peoples for a spring god born of sky and earth, a savior bringing back the fruits of earth after the dead winter, without whose coming the people must die.

At one time it looked as if the Persian-Babylonian cult of Mithras, the faithful savior who gave his life for his people, might become the religion of the Empire. It was very strong in the imperial armies and was ready to make a mystical identification of the reigning Emperor with the sun, the *Sol Invictus Mithras*. But something shook its prestige: perhaps its failure to resist the attacks of the Northern barbarians; perhaps it made less emotional appeal than the intense Isis-Osiris cult of Egypt, or the cults of those Anatolian communities which put first a divine mother, with her son and her consort less emphasized. But the ultimate success, permanent and undoubted, fell to the combination of Jewish and Greek worship called Christianity.

The two had influenced one another for a long time. The Old Testament was Hebrew, but parts of it showed Greek influence; the apocrypha was mostly Greek or mostly extant in Greek; the New Testament was all in Greek, with such Aramaic sources as there may have been soon forgotten or obliterated. A wonderful blend it was; and we have, of course, a wonderful account of its making. Paul, the Hellenistic Jew, who must have been quite familiar with the Greek idea of the eternal world-savior, seemed suddenly, after long meditation in the wilderness, to see by inspiration that the world-savior had actually been born of woman and lived and suffered sacrifice in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. St. Paul was a Jew as well as a Greek-speaking Roman citizen. One can see how his old Hebrew wine-flasks are almost bursting with the new wine of his Greek mysticism. But the religious cravings of the world to which he preached not only accepted him but soon went far beyond him.

They craved for a divine mother as well as a father; they had always had her and could not give her up: indeed, without her how could they have their divine savior son? The Jews in Jerusalem, so proud of their pure monotheism, might violently reject the transformation; but the Hellenistic world cried out for it, and many Jewish communities put up with it as best they could. And thus the Graeco-Roman world empire, after long and fierce conflicts between rival communities, found what it sought in an oecumenical Church, which survived the wrecks of empires and combined the aspirations of Hebrew and Hellene. Thus Rome gave us the framework, as Athens and Jerusalem on the whole gave the inner content, of our living Christian civilization.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. What the server of a tennis ball is said to do if he steps over the base line, or loses contact with the ground during the serve.

B. Character in Huxley's "Point Counter Point" considered to be an idealized portrait of D. H. Lawrence.

C. Grasped.

D. Star of the opening of the Met., 1883, of whose "Marguerite" Krehbiel reported: "Last night a Swedish soprano sang in Italian, for an English-speaking audience, some French music about a German heroine."

E. Short stroke in golf played from just off the green, needing a good wrist movement (2 wds.).

F. Said of the darkened part of the sun or moon during an eclipse (2 wds.).

G. Greek goddess of the moon, merged in Artemis and Hecate.

H. One of the appellations, descriptive of his personal appearance, of Amadis de Gaul.

I. Rarefies.

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151 82 162 35 113 44 99 21 122 172 62

137 11 149 48 80 145 5 116 176 74

DEFINITIONS

J. Followed by Word K, Dickens' term for a system of red tape ("Little Dorrit").

K. See Word J.

L. Insular hill surrounded by an ice sheet, from the Eskimo word.

M. Eccentric.

N. Slang for a policeman who walks a beat.

O. Eminence won by Rancho Dobe's Storm, at Madison Square Garden, N.Y.C., 1952 and 1953 (3 wds.).

P. Resist effectually.

Q. Copsewood.

R. The "tail of the whale"; Beta Ceti (2 wds.).

S. Said of Florence Chadwick, Esther Williams, et al., as a class.

T. Small building, or niche, esp. if used as a shrine.

U. One issue much talked of in political speeches, Presidential campaign of 1948 (2 wds.).

V. A consonance of sounds, esp. instrumental sounds.

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92 188 131 185 10 141 98 4

91 86 31 140 57 111 14

114 174 71 2 43 13 102 67 135 150 187 125

115 189 142 120 77 88 157 177

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 M	2 U	■	3 D	4 S	■	5 I	■	6 D	7 E	8 F	9 B	10 S	■	11 I	12 A	■			
13 U	14 T	15 C	■	16 F	17 E	18 G	19 P	■	20 B	■	21 H	22 O	23 D	24 P	■	25 K			
26 O	27 G	28 A	29 M	30 Q	■	31 T	32 G	■	33 N	34 J	35 H	■	36 B	37 A	■	38 J			
39 D	40 L	41 O	42 A	43 U	44 H	45 N	46 R	47 K	48 I	■	49 A	50 N	51 J	■	52 E	53 C			
54 F	55 A	■	56 C	57 T	58 N	59 O	■	60 O	61 E	62 H	■	63 N	64 L	65 J	66 C	■			
67 U	68 L	69 N	70 P	■	71 U	■	72 B	73 J	74 I	75 O	■	76 D	77 V	78 C	79 A	80 I			
81 R	82 H	83 B	■	84 R	85 D	86 T	■	87 Q	88 V	89 E	90 R	91 T	92 S	■	93 C	94 A			
95 O	96 R	97 J	98 S	99 H	■	100 N	101 K	102 U	■	103 R	104 C	■	105 O	106 L	107 F	108 E			
109 K	110 M	111 T	112 G	113 H	114 U	115 V	■	116 I	117 F	118 G	■	119 R	120 V	121 K	122 H	123 B			
124 P	125 U	■	126 Q	127 J	■	128 C	■	129 N	130 F	131 S	132 L	133 Q	134 C	■	135 U	136 R			
■	137 I	138 J	139 F	■	140 T	141 S	142 V	143 K	■	144 R	145 I	146 J	■	147 O	148 J	149 I			
150 U	■	151 H	152 Q	153 J	154 C	■	155 J	156 R	157 V	■	158 P	159 B	160 Q	161 F	■	162 H			
163 J	164 L	165 R	■	166 Q	167 E	168 J	169 G	170 P	171 O	172 H	173 D	■	174 U	175 M	176 I	177 V			
■	178 M	179 P	180 A	181 L	182 C	■	183 P	184 M	■	185 S	■	186 E	187 U	188 S	189 V	■			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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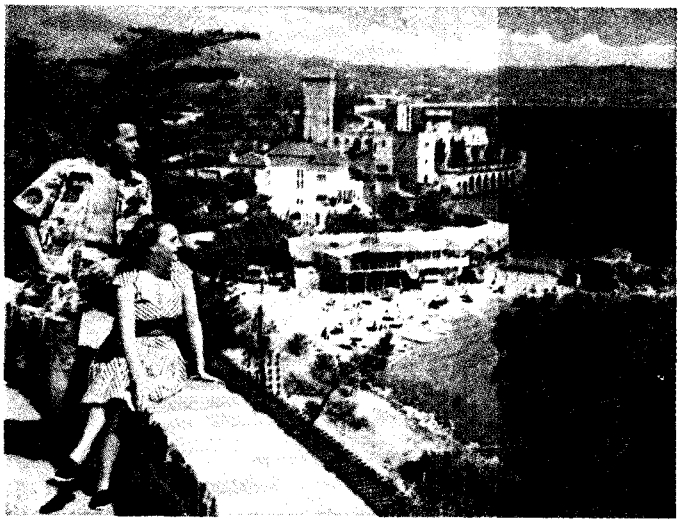

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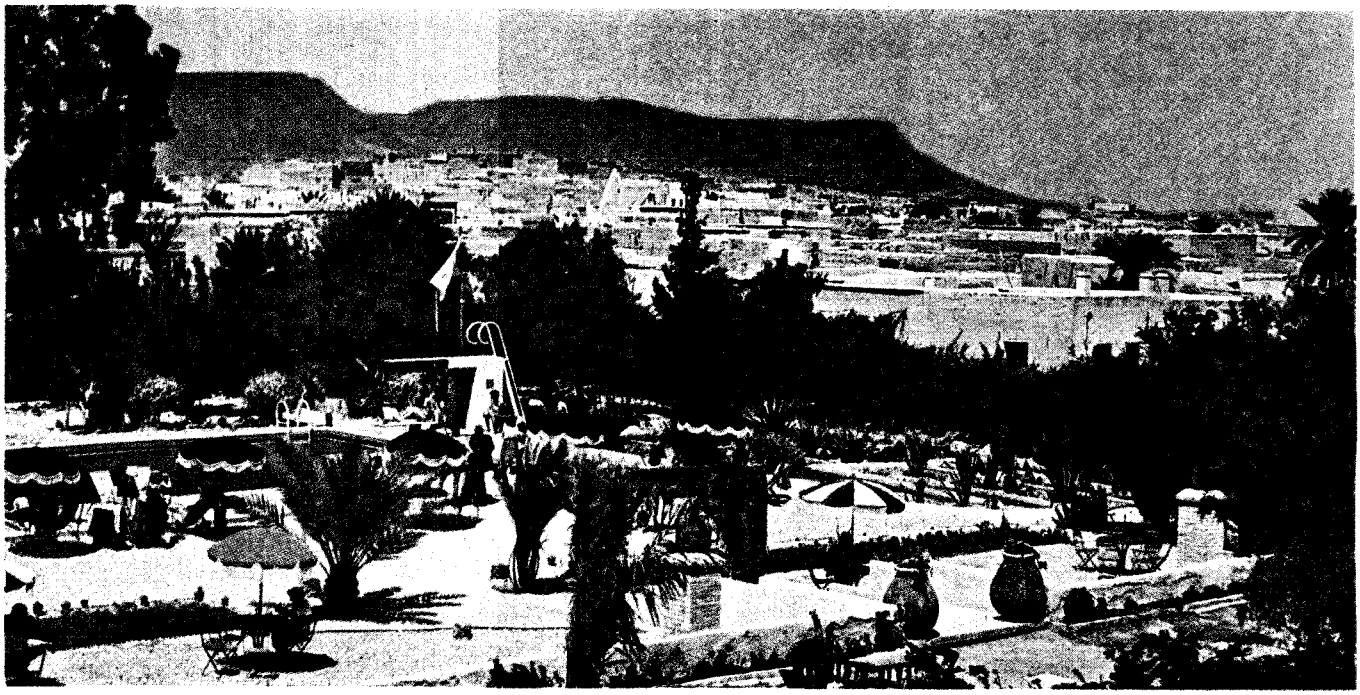

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